Saturday Review
World

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THE 100 GREATEST MASTERPIECES

IN SOLID STERLING SILVER

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E LAST JUDGMENT – Michelangelo

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER – Frans Hals

SUNFLOWERS – Van Gogh

ACTUAL SIZE

The world's 100 most valued art treasures preserved for all time in solid sterling silver.

Available by advance subscription only. Subscription rolls close October 31, 1973. Limit: One series per subscriber.

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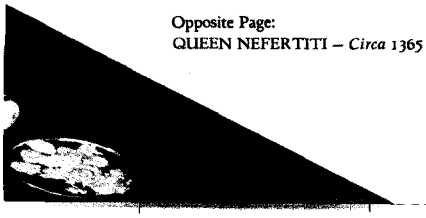
The 100 Greatest Masterpieces have been selected with the aid of curators and directors of major international museums, including the Louvre, the Vatican Museums, the Uffizi, the British Museum, the Prado, the National Museums of Greece, and the Rijksmuseum of The Netherlands. The guidance of these authorities has been indispensable in creating this medallic tribute to the world's greatest art.



Opposite Page:
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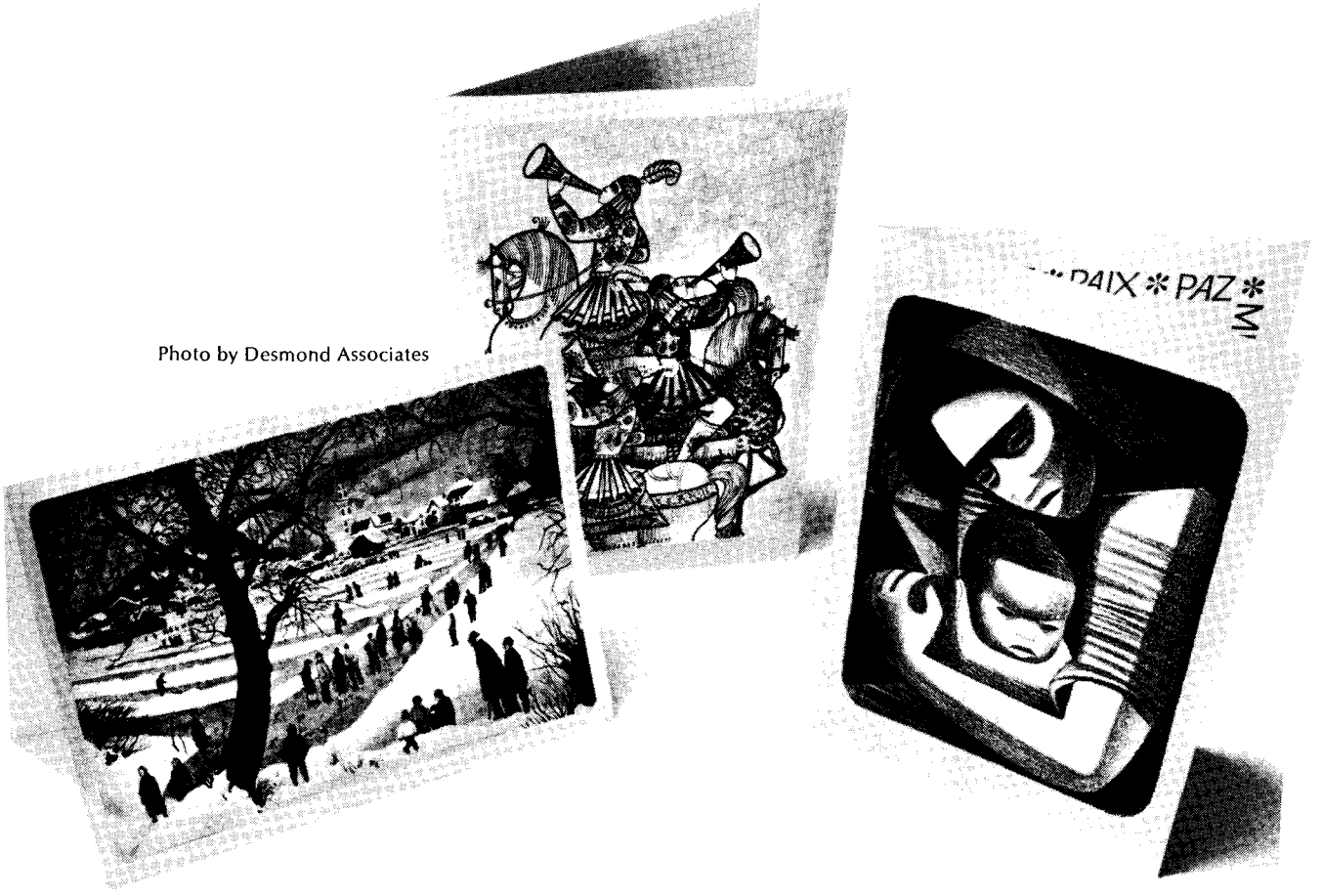

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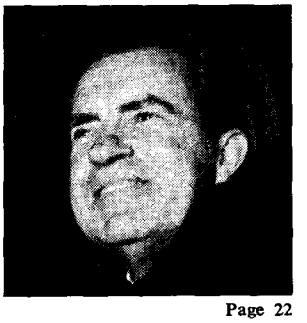
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Fighting the War Against Racism

Racial injustice in the United States will not be eliminated unless blacks and whites make common cause in a full-scale attack on the problem. The evidence is mounting, however, that common approaches are becoming more difficult, certainly more complicated and touchy. Our purpose here is to address ourselves to one of the reasons for the falling off of joint efforts. Both white and black moderates seem reluctant to discuss this reason openly, but no purpose is served by silent treatment of the problem.

What has happened is that black militants have become increasingly effective in their contempt for, and opposition to, anyone, white or black, who believes that genuine progress is possible without upheaval or revolution. The prime tenet of black militants is that only violence and segregation can bring about fundamental social reform. Thus, the black militant regards the white racist as his ally precisely because the white racist confirms the black militant's thesis that whites will not give up anything unless it is wrested away from them.

Even more effective than ideological arguments in the immobilization of whites are sneering and ridicule. Whites are sensitive to the taunt that they are weak-tea temporizers and cocktail-party meddlers who are playing on the fringe of serious problems. They don't like to be accused of benefiting from racial prejudice while they profess to be its enemies. The result of the accusations and the ridicule is that too many whites have become dropouts from the collective effort to upgrade the social and economic conditions of blacks in American society. Many of those who have stayed on have lost their zeal.

There has been a sharp falling off in the number of white college students who go into rat-infested slums to work for better housing conditions or to tutor young blacks. White students who, in their own communities, are often regarded as radicals or courageous pioneers are denounced as ideological dilettantes by black militants. Instead of fighting back and upholding the need for a common front against social injustice, the white students tend to give ground. Their reluctance to risk identification with the Establishment has caused some of them either to accept the extreme position of the militants themselves or to retire from the field in confusion and disillusion.

An interesting example of the reluctance of whites to refute the harmful nonsense of militants occurred recently on a television panel program. A young black woman expressed her contempt for whites who adopt black babies. "Anyone who really wants to do something for blacks," she said, "should give us jobs. If whites want to play God by taking black babies into their homes, let them do it after they open up their businesses and factories to blacks."

The whites on the program were obviously reluctant to put themselves in the position of arguing with blacks on racial questions. Consequently, no one exposed the obvious fallacy in the young woman's statement. She had assumed that all white parents who adopt black children are business people in a position to hire blacks.

The situation she described was not an either/or matter; whites don't have to make a choice between giving blacks jobs or adopting black babies. They can do both if they are in a position to do both. Or they can do neither and still be good citizens if they do things within their reach and means. Most white parents who adopt black babies do so as part of their moral response to an urgent challenge in American life.

Another serious flaw in the thinking of the young woman was that she failed to make a distinction between those things that only society can do and those things only the individual can do. Legislating for economic opportunity and for social justice is the prime obligation of the society as a whole. Exercising and fulfilling all the options open to citizens for creating a finer social order is the prime obligation of the individual. Obviously, the more individuals who accept this responsibility, the more likely is the prospect for a socially responsive society. So the two obligations are vitally interconnected. But a functional separation must be made nonetheless between what the collective citizenry can do and what the individual citizen decides to do.

There is nothing anti-social or reactionary in pursuing a dialogue with blacks on this point. Racism must be refuted and denounced regardless of its source, black or white. We don't eliminate social injustice in America by engaging in false politesse when false issues are raised. The dynamics of racial justice cannot be separated from the dynamics of racial harmony. Basic reform in this country is too important to be left to militants and the polarization process.

This doesn't mean that militants have no place in the struggle for vital change. Of course they do. But they must compete on even terms with everyone else. They hold no special privilege for dispensing or uttering nonsense without rebuttal or without regard to the consequences that issue from such arguments. N.C.

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Letters From Readers

Military Figures

Please explain or justify the figures given on maintaining troops in Europe. Richard C. Longworth ("The Troubled Atlantic Alliance," August 14) states that European troops cost "$7 billion . . . each year." Edward L. King ("American Troops in Europe: Threat or Safeguard?" August 14) states the cost "has been climbing steadily—to $17 billion in fiscal 1973." Mr. King relates the cost to "maintaining them, together with armed-service personnel based in the United States but oriented to missions in Europe." Is there a more definitive estimate of the total, comprehensive cost? As I want the United States troops out of Europe now, I would like more accurate figures upon which to argue my position.

John Marshall Goldsmith
Radford, Virginia

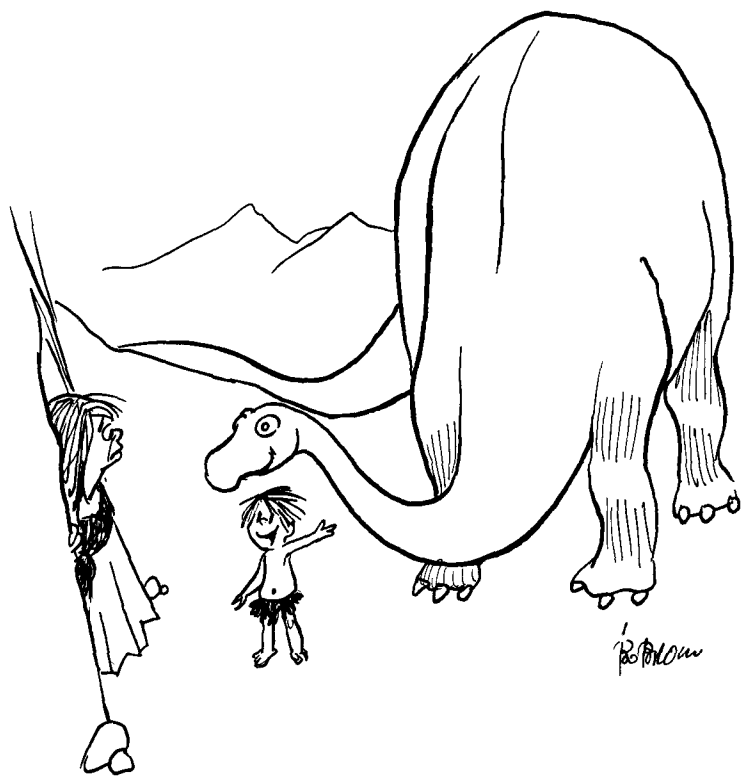
Edward L. King replies:

I, too, want to see U.S. conventional forces in Europe reduced. And I want to see the question argued on its true merits rather than in cold war rhetoric. Accordingly, I'd like to clarify your confusion on the cost figures given by the Nixon administration.

Richard Longworth is talking about the cost of keeping 313,000 U.S. military personnel based in Europe. The cost given by the Pentagon for these U.S. military personnel in Europe is $7 billion each year (using 1973 as the data year).

I refer to the total cost of maintaining 313,000 U.S. military personnel in Europe and roughly another 250,000 in the United States with European missions, plus the cost of depots, etc., that support the European mission. This cost—maintaining troops and bases in Europe plus those in the United States oriented to Europe—has climbed to $17 billion in fiscal year 1973.

These figures are administration-cited costs for U.S. troops in Europe. For the sake of argument you can quote the $17 billion figure as the total cost to the United States of our present conventional force committed to NATO. The direct cost of the 313,000 in Europe is $7 billion, but that figure does not include the $1.5 billion balance of payments deficit that those 313,000 troops cost. The balance of payments loss is figured separately by the Pentagon. The most recent statement of these figures can be found in the testimony of the Honorable Kenneth Rush before the House Foreign Affairs Committee.



"I didn't bring him home, Mom, he followed me."

Ball Park Figures

It was sad to see Cleveland Amory joining in the silly Ruth-Aaron controversy, which could well be dispensed with *(Curmudgeon-at-Large,* August 28). Here is why it is silly: One year of baseball is not comparable with another. Because Maris led the American League in 1961 with sixty-one homers (and additionally was a good fielder and base runner), it does not mean that he was 7½ times better than Home-Run Baker, who led the league with eight in 1914.

Who is to judge the effect on players of flying through two or three time zones overnight, of hitting in daylight games versus night games that now prevail, of bull-pen stoppers ("short men" are exclusive with modern baseball as is the "saves statistic"), of athletes trained in extensive farm systems against today's meager farms but with more college training, of longer seasons, of better equipment?

Babe Ruth may have been the greatest player who ever lived. Still, Aaron is a wonder who deserves every accolade, especially as an example of the merits of clean living, moderation, and dedication to a goal. I hope he plays two more years and finishes with some nice, round number, such as 760.

Al J. Johnson
Colorado Springs, Colorado

I am tired of . . . the controversy over Henry Aaron's home runs. . . . I would like to say that regardless of the circumstances, Aaron will eventually have hit more home runs than Babe Ruth ever did, and that is all that counts. If the type of nit-picking that surrounds Aaron today spreads to other records and other sports, we will soon find every living individual holding some sort of unbreakable world record. It is obvious that no circumstances ever can be duplicated, making the present records and their successors almost meaningless.

Michael Tamor
La Jolla, California

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World Progress Report

A Double Shot

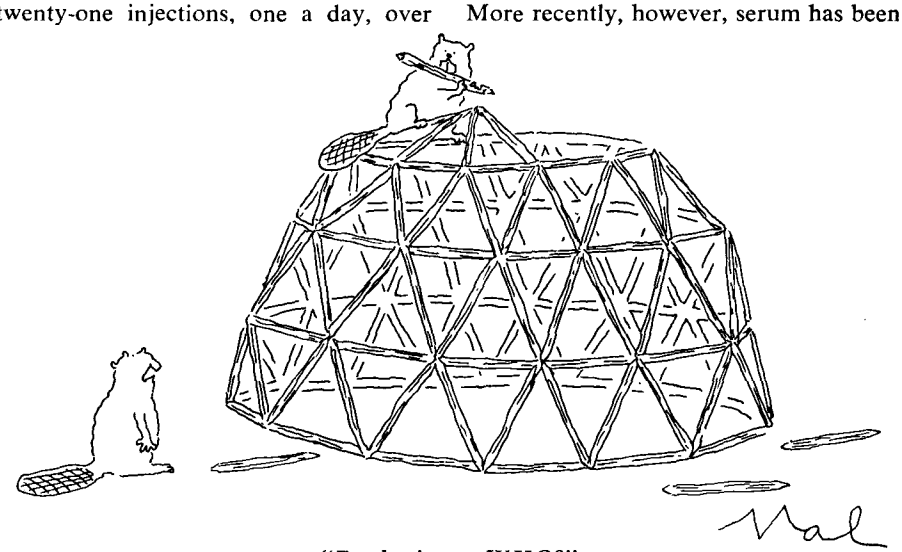
Recent medical research has developed inoculations against two major diseases that plague mankind. Using medical student volunteers as experimental subjects, two British doctors at Saint George's Hospital in London have produced a vaccine that is effective against the most common viral cause of mental retardation. The disease, called cytomegalo virus infection or cytomegalic inclusion disease, attacks the nuclei of cells in many organs of the body, causing them to swell. Although the disease is most common among young adults, it produces the symptoms of retardation only in young children. In the infected mother-to-be, the virus is passed through the placenta to the fetus. In severe cases the result is either spontaneous abortion or early postnatal death from brain and liver damage. One infant in 200 is born with congenital cytomegalo virus infection, and an estimated 10 percent of those infected will be mentally retarded, although the symptoms often do not appear for several years. No known therapy exists for infants born with cytomegalo virus infection. The new vaccine, developed by Drs. Stephen D. Elek and Harold Stern, stimulates the production of antibodies against the disease in adult carriers, preventing them from infecting the unborn child.

While a vaccine for rabies has been known for years, an estimated one million victims each year learn that the treatment for the dread disease is an ordeal in itself: a series of fourteen to twenty-one injections, one a day, over a period of two or three weeks. Such a regimen is almost impossible to maintain in many areas of the world where regular health services are inconvenient or unavailable. Even in areas where the full treatment is readily available, both doctors and patients are often reluctant to undertake the treatment without clear proof that a bite is from a rabid animal. Yet, for a rabies victim, the alternative to treatment is dire indeed: almost inevitable madness, followed by death. Spontaneous recovery is almost unknown. Even with a million potential rabies cases treated in 1971 around the world, 791 deaths from the disease were reported and estimates are that perhaps ten times as many were unreported.

In a breakthrough that will make effective treatment more universally available, the World Health Organization's research facilities have developed a one-shot vaccine, produced by infecting fast-multiplying human cells with the rabies virus. When the virus has attained the proper strength, it is killed. Injected into a person whom a rabid animal has bitten, the dead virus will stimulate the production of antibodies against the living virus from the infected animal.

However, WHO recommends that, even though vaccinated, anyone bitten by a rabid animal also be inoculated with blood serum already fortified with antibodies to provide protection while the vaccine is taking effect. In the past the serum was often derived from the blood of horses, and as many as 10 percent of recipients suffered severe reactions. More recently, however, serum has been available from human volunteers who have been inoculated against rabies, and the problem of adverse reactions has been greatly reduced.

The new one-shot vaccine has been proved effective for both animals and humans, and is currently undergoing further tests under WHO sponsorship in France, the United States, and Latin America, before its release for general use.



"Buckminster WHO?"

Buried Treasure

After six years of digging on the floor of a cave in southern Greece, archaeologists have uncovered a record of continuous human habitation for more than 17,000 years, from at least 20,000 to 3000 B.C. The cave, called Franchthi, is the only known Old World site of human activity over such a long period of prehistoric time. Experts speculate that early man's long lease at Franchthi may have been due to the presence of natural running water and to its size—the floor is some 500 by 160 feet in area, which makes it the largest cave in Greece.

Under the direction of Dr. Thomas W. Jacobson of Indiana University, a team of about thirty researchers has found evidence that indicates a seafaring life for the cave's tenants as early as 7500 B.C.—fully a thousand years earlier than man previously had been thought to have mastered the waves. The suggestive clues buried in the floor of the cave are vertebrae from deep-sea fish and sharp tools made of obsidian from the Aegean island of Melos, seventy-five miles away.

Franchthi is the only known site in Greece to have harbored human life during the Mesolithic period, from 9000 to 6000 B.C. Earlier theories held that Greece was uninhabited during this period. According to Dr. Jacobson, however, Mesolithic Greece was populated by a race of post–Ice Age hunters, who subsisted in a damp, woodland environment mainly on deer, some fish, berries, shellfish, and snails. Their sea trade, Dr. Jacobson says, was limited, "largely in the way of probing." More recent layers of evidence in the cave suggest that the neophyte seafarers were quite abruptly supplanted around 6500 B.C. by a land-bound race of shepherds and farmers.

ANTHONY WOLFF

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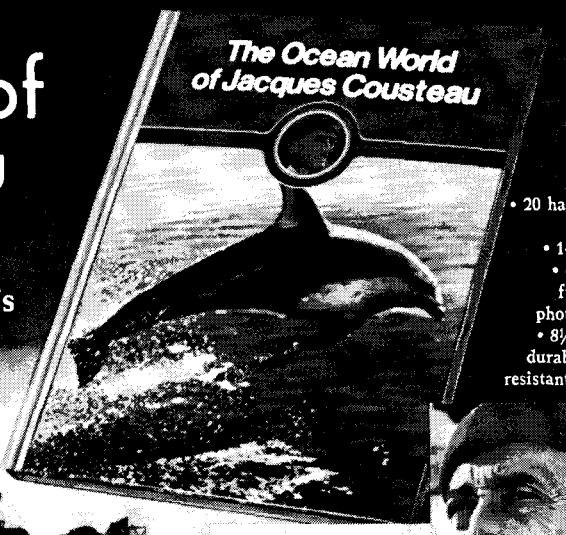

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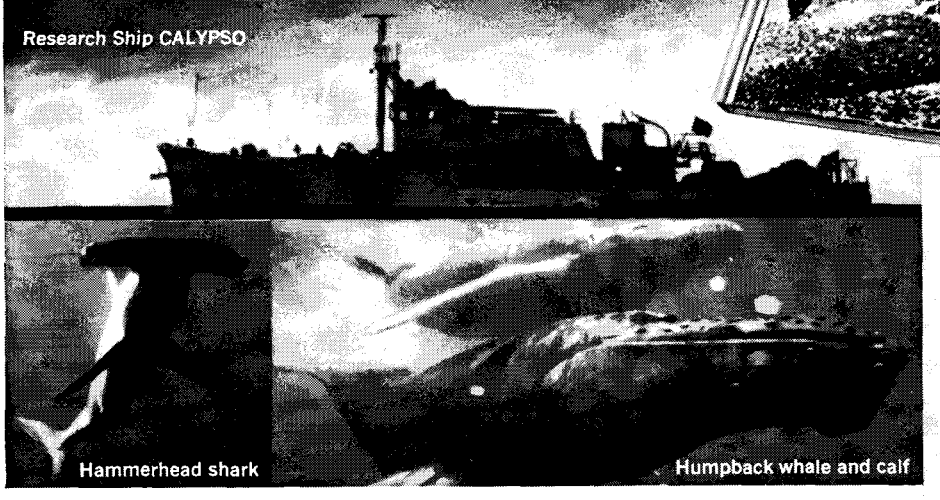

"Our children need the ocean to survive"

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If the Oceans of Earth should die—it would be the final catastrophe in the story of man and of all life on this planet . . . maybe fifty years later the last man on earth would take his own last breath. Why imagine such a nightmare about the subject I love most? Because the Ocean *can* die—and we must make sure that he doesn't. Man exists only because Earth is a "water planet"—liquid water being probably as rare in the universe as life, perhaps even synonymous with life. The Ocean *is* life. This is why we must change our attitude toward the Ocean. We must regard him as no longer a mystery, a menace, a dark and sinister abode of secrets and wonders. Instead we want to explore how he moves and breathes, how he experiences dramas and seasons, how he nourishes his hosts of living things, how he harmonizes the physical and biological rhythms of the whole earth, what hurts him and what feeds him—not least of all what are his stories.

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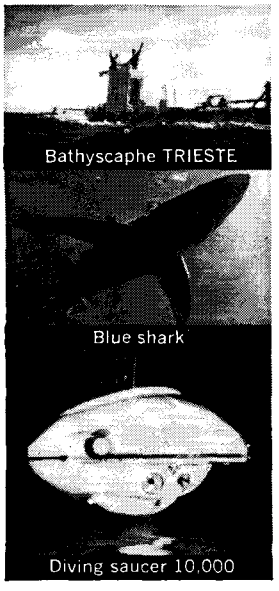

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

If a policeman's lot, as Gilbert and Sullivan told us years ago, is not a happy one, these days it's positively terrible. Is there a police force anywhere, we wondered, that is immune? We decided to try the RCMP, or the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, which this year is celebrating its one-hundredth anniversary. Surely the famed "Mounties," the men in scarlet and gold (played by Nelson Eddy and Gary Cooper), were still, as their slogan goes, "getting their man" without, at the same time, getting it in the neck.

Anyway, we decided to get the story firsthand and took a trip to Western Canada, to the cradle of the Mounties, or, as they were originally called, the North West Mounted Police. And, at first brush, in the bush, we decided everything was hunky-dory. In the west, as in the rest of Canada, the country this anniversary year is being inundated with pamphlets, shows, records, etc., extolling the Mounties. And although the scarlet and gold has gone the way of so many good things—in the summer, these days, the Mounties even wear shirt sleeves!—we found every school child is still taught the Mountie Code, particularly the rigors of their discipline. And if you don't believe it, try these thirteen rules and regulations for offenses for which a Mountie can be arrested and tried.

1. Disobeying or refusing to obey the lawful command of, or striking, his superior
2. Oppressive or tyrannical conduct toward his inferior
3. Intoxication, however slight
4. Having intoxicating liquor in his possession or concealed
5. Directly or indirectly receiving any gratuity, without the commissioner's sanction, or any bribe
6. Wearing any party emblem or otherwise manifesting political partnership
7. Overholding any complaint
8. Mutinous or insubordinate conduct
9. Unduly overholding any allowance or any of the public money entrusted to him
10. Misapplying or improperly withholding any money or goods levied under any warrant or taken from any prisoner
11. Divulging any matter or thing which it is his duty to keep secret
12. Making any anonymous complaint to the government or commissioner
13. Communicating, without the commissioner's authority, either directly or indirectly, to the public press, any matter or thing touching the force

There are many more, but the final one is a real catchall.

. . . Any disorder or neglect to the prejudice of morality or discipline, although not specified in this act, or in any rule or regulation

These offenses we found in the preface of *The Riders of the Plains*, a book about the Mounties by A. L. Haydon, which was reissued as recently as 1971. In the last line of his preface, however, Mr. Haydon strikes a disturbing note:

I desire to add a separate word of thanks to Major General Sir George A. French, KCMG, the first commissioner of the Mounted Police, for placing at my service invaluable material respecting the earliest years of the force and for courteously revising the chapters dealing with the history of the corps during his tenure of office.

Searching further, we found that virtually all books on the force are, perforce, "authorized"—otherwise no information is obtainable. This year, however, a brand-new paperback has appeared called *An Unauthorized History of the RCMP* by Lorne and Caroline Brown—the former a political scientist at the University of Saskatchewan and the latter a CBC researcher. They have come up with an extraordinary damning indictment, starting with what they call "the central theme of the myth" that "a benevolent government created the North West Mounted Police to protect the Indians from white whiskey traders and swindlers." They then move on through an unbelievably one-sided history of RCMP shortcomings: They portray the force as racists vis-à-vis the Indians and as fascists in their dealings with strikers, students, draft dodgers, etc., and end with the conclusion that "all police forces are at best a necessary evil, and the RCMP may not even be necessary."

This is hard news for the handful of men—even today no more than a few hundred—who have written what was hitherto thought to be the most glamorous record of any police force anywhere in the world—and at least one ex-staff sergeant of the Mounties, David Beeching of Victoria, B.C., would have none of it. "In the Middle Ages," he told us sternly, "the whole citizenry was punished for crimes committed. If the criminal was not caught, the whole village was fined. Maybe the young people today would prefer that system."

POLITICAL NOTE—as discovered by David Greene of Demarest, Georgia, in *The Atlanta Constitution*:

ASHINGTON (AP)—Rep. John M. Ashbrook, R–Ohio, said Wednesday that conservatives should abandon their sympathy for President Nixon in his Watergate troubles and speak on moving government "out of this fantastic quagmire we're in". . . .

Speaking before the President's latest statement on the Watergate affair, Ashbrook said there is a feeling among Republican conservatives "that President Nixon is down and out now, let's not rock the goat."

Or change donkeys in midstream?

ECONOMIC NOTE—as contributed by Miriam Weiss of Memphis, Tennessee, who came across it in the *Memphis Press-Scimitar*:

PARIS—A new, self-administered pregnancy test allows a woman to know within nine days of conception if she's going to have a baby and can be used over and over again.

Ah, those French—always so frugal. □

WIT TWISTER NO. 6
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Great — — — — — — — —,
review the battlefield,
That pride may yet — — — — — — — — your swelling chest.
Soon Death will reap your labor's ripest yield
And leave to Worm, his — — — — — — — —, all the rest.

A. S.

(Answer to *Wit Twister*, see page 33.)

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 33

(VLADIMIR) NABOKOV: TRANSPARENT THINGS

He noticed a large white butterfly drop outspread on a stone. Its papery wings, blotched with black and maculated with faded crimson, had transparent margins of an unpleasant crimped texture, which shivered slightly in the cheerless wind.

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Here are some facts about Aurora Cortez, her family, and her town—Plato, Magdalena, on the coast of Colombia. No editorializing. No embellishment. Just facts.

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Where There's a Ding There's a Dong

You would never expect to find so much *hubris* on a television page of a newspaper as there was after a Ms. Judy Klemesrud wrote an acerbic, if not vituperative, article titled "TV Women Are Dingbats" in *The New York Times.* For three weeks following, letters poured into the *Times*—pro and male.

I have the feeling at this point that it would be more self-serving if I tore this page out of the typewriter and shredded both the paper and the machine before I am decapitated and have it handed to me. But I'm impelled to politely split an infinitive to inform Ms. Klemesrud that I resent the word *dingbat.* In old dictionaries *dingbat* is defined as "a typographical ornament (as an asterisk)." *Ornament,* yes, but not *dingbat.* Archie Bunker, who is obviously a dongbat (masc.), never delivers the word with any show of marital affection.

A dongbat is a man who says of his bride, "She cooks a great can of salmon." Or, "She saves me so much money going to department-store sales that I'm going broke." But, contrary to Ms. Klemesrud's treatise, he says it lovingly, and the bride usually joins in the small laugh he gets.

That out of the way, I submit that delightfully dim-witted women were not spawned by TV. I invite Ms. Klemesrud to share a taxi with me (she pays her half) and go back in time to Adam and Ms. Eve—to the day when the snake, in his most serpentine style, beguiled the first woman to pick the apple and eat it. She did. Incidentally, it was a good thing she did, or we would never have had that good old pie that nothing is as American as.

That's when the first dingbat joke was made. Follow along. The day Adam and his spouse were evicted, you can imagine Adam's wrath. He told her he had had a good thing going, sitting around doing nothing in that lush garden,until she met up with her snake chum. And she said unto Adam, "He's no chum; I wouldn't give a fig for that snake." And Adam said unto her, "The way you're dressed now, I should hope not," and he hoped she was satisfied that he had been sent forth to till the ground from which he was taken. And Eve said, "Wouldn't hurt you."

Then one day when he was toiling at tilling till he thought he would drop, along came the serpent, who said unto Adam, "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" And Adam said—here it comes—"That was no lady, that was my wife." And that was years before television. You will note that nowhere was it written that he called her a dingbat. In fact, he forgave her, and she begat Cain and Abel.

Now we move along to the year 1775, when a new play by Richard Brinsley Sheridan opened at the Covent Garden Theater in London. It was a comedy, *The Rivals,* and its leading character was listed in the program as Mrs. Malaprop. She was a big hit. One drama critic of the time wrote that her malaprops "sprawled and tumbled brilliantly about the stage in a carnival of dazzling, acrobatic misuse of the English language."

Among her quotes are: "As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile"; "You will illiterate him entirely from your memory"; "We will not anticipate the past; our retrospection will be all to the future." And no one referred to her as a dingbat.

We move forward now, 150 years, to radio and the adorable, scatterbrained Gracie Allen.

George Burns. What's your brother doing these days, Gracie?

Gracie. The one that's living?

George. Say good night, Gracie.

Gracie. Goodnight, Gracie.

On a personal note, I admit to having been a dongbat in those days myself. For eighteen years I was on a radio program where another jane was heard using words that tripped lightly over their syllables. "I was driving through the ghetto today looking at those old testament houses"; "That's the fly in the oatmeal"; "Familiarity breeds attempt"; "You can't tell a book by its lover"; "I've got him in the hollow of my head." And no one—particularly me—ever dared call her a dingbat.

But all is not lost, Ms. K. You may find some solace in learning that in every batch of fan mail there were countless letters from dongbats that read: "My wife is as dum as your wife." □

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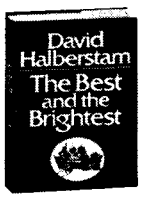

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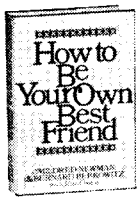

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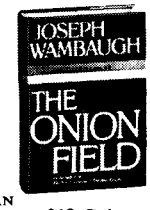

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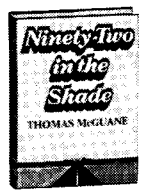

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Tony Howarth: Woodfin Camp

Plight of the small farmer—After eleven years of CAP, Italian farmers remain poor.

Saturday Review
World

Europe's Farm Muddle

Farm income has remained low while market prices have soared under the Common Market's agricultural policy. Curiously, the beneficiary could be the United States.

By Richard C. Longworth

From the shepherds of the Faeroes to the orange pickers of Sicily, there are 10 million farmers—big and small, filthy rich and dirt poor—within the European Common Market. All of them, as well as the other 245 million citizens of the Common Market (or European Economic Community) live under a protectionist and increasingly creaky farm system that is almost certain to strain relations between Europe and the United States.

The system, framed eleven years ago, is called the Common Agricultural Policy (CAP). Its purpose was to give Europeans plenty of food at reasonable prices while raising the income of European farmers—many no more than peasants—to the level of industrial workers. Today it ranks, along with the Common Market's customs union, as one of the only two pillars constructed so far in the much-proclaimed edifice of European unity.

Yet by most yardsticks CAP is a failure. Farm incomes lag hopelessly behind those in town, while food prices are among the world's highest. There are signs that CAP is beginning to choke on its own red tape. And the system has displayed a vulnerability to both nonsense and fraud.

All this brings joy to the American government, which would like to see CAP reformed or, better yet, scrapped. The Nixon administration complains that the CAP tariff wall, built to protect European farmers, keeps out low-cost American farm exports. One-seventh of all American farm produce—and one-third of all wheat—goes for export. The U.S. balance of payments deficit being what it is, these exports are vital to the future of the American economy. Despite the damage done to the administration's case by its clumsy embargo on soybean exports this past summer, American negotiators plan to put demands for changes in CAP at the very center of the "Nixon Round" of trade talks. They start this autumn and will last for two years; their success or failure probably will hinge on this issue of farm exports, and the Common Market has already made clear that it is in no mood to be generous. Prof. D. Gale Johnson of the University of Chicago, a leading agricultural economist, warns that if the Nixon Round fails, "it will be to some considerable degree because no progress is made to reduce the barriers to trade in agricultural produce."

U.S. hopes lie largely in the many European officials and leaders, including some within the EEC bureaucracy in Brussels, who would be delighted to see this American initiative succeed. But for reasons explained below, CAP has powerful friends in high places, particularly in France. Barring a total collapse, it is only too likely to stumble straight ahead on its expensive and unsatisfactory way.

The Common Agricultural Policy was written into the 1958 Treaty of Rome for the same reason that a customs union was included for industrial goods: The Common Market, to be realistic, had to include food. But while the customs union quickly began to reduce tariffs between the original six Common Market members, it took five years to get CAP moving—a portent of the hairsplitting and compromises that have followed.

Richard C. Longworth is European diplomatic correspondent for United Press International.

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CAP is based on two props, and they have caused most of its problems. The first is external tariffs. One basic tariff sets fixed duties on such items as wine, fruit, and vegetables; it is not necessarily crippling to importers. But there is another tariff wall—the infamous "variable levy." Think of a crossbar that is always just a bit higher than an athlete can jump, and you have an idea of the variable levy. It is called variable because it goes up and down from week to week, reflecting price changes in such key commodities as grain and milk. Its purpose is to keep the price of imports always a fraction higher than that of local produce. If an American grain costs $2.00 per bushel while the same grain grown in Europe costs $3.00, then the levy will be set at something like $1.10 per bushel, raising the price of the U.S. grain to $3.10 and giving European farmers a constant, unbeatable edge.

Having blocked competition from outside, CAP prevents it at home with its second prop. This prop is a combination of price supports based on guaranteed prices and subsidies for exports. The latter are necessary because high-cost European farm output could not compete abroad at European prices. When most European produce is sold abroad, therefore, its price falls and the farmer gets the difference in direct subsidies from a giant Common Market kitty called the European Agricultural Guidance and Guarantee Fund, which doles out some $4.5 billion per year—two-thirds of the total EEC budget.

It does not take an economist to predict the result of such a system. With this much protection of inefficiency, European farmers have no need to be efficient. One result is high supermarket prices that cut even further into European family budgets than they would into higher American incomes. Wholesale prices average 65 percent above world prices, and European consumer costs can only amaze an American housewife who joins a boycott rather than pay two dollars a pound for steak. My local Brussels supermarket, for instance, is charging $3.63 per pound for the equivalent of a T-bone, $1.24 for a dozen eggs, $1.57 for a pound of butter. Chicken is $1.08 per pound. These are normal prices, brought on not by shortages but often by surpluses.

CAP's natural bent toward foolishness surfaced this year in the case of Russia and the butter mountain. With a guaranteed price of $1.13 per pound for butter and with competition locked out by that tariff wall, European dairy farmers produce yearly more butter than shoppers can buy. Under CAP rules the Common Market must buy up this surplus and store it on the "butter mountain"—actually, several warehouses scattered around Europe. By early 1973 the mountain amounted to 400,000 tons. European taxpayers had paid some $855 million to buy the stuff from farmers, not counting storage fees.

Marvin Newman: Woodfin Camp

Wheat harvest—Poor policing of exports has been a boon to the swindlers.

At this point, the Soviet government proposed to buy up half the mountain—200,000 tons—to meet a Russian butter shortage. But the Soviets offered only nineteen cents per pound—one-sixth of what it cost the Common Market in the first place and one-eighth of what a European pays in the store. The offer was greeted indignantly by the newspapers and parliaments of Europe. But the Common Market accepted it. Officials explained that the butter, if dumped on markets, would undercut existing prices and ruin farmers. A small amount goes to pensioners and to dependents of soldiers, but this barely dents the mountain. In short, the cut-rate sale to Russia was the most economical solution available. Within a fortnight Soviet ships arrived in Antwerp to load it aboard.

Three months later Pierre Lardinois, the Common Market commissioner for agriculture, reported that the Russian sale had had about the same effect on the butter mountain that a brisk war has on the population explosion. The CAP butter surplus, he said, had already climbed back to 350,000 tons and would be well above 400,000 tons by the end of the year.

The subsidies CAP gives for food exports and the casual way in which the exports are policed provide a fertile field for fraud. In one case four men—two Frenchmen, a West German, and a Belgian—collected export rebates for French wheat that they said was going outside the Common Market. Instead, it was going next door to Germany, where it was sold at the high CAP-guaranteed prices. These men were caught, but critics in European parliaments say that other swindlers are taking the EEC for an undetected $125 million per year. Common Market leaders say this is "grossly exaggerated," but the truth is that no one really knows. The Common Market, having no police or customs inspectors of its own, must rely on help from the bureaucracies of its nine members and on an auditing system totally unable to cope with the smoother forms of fraud.

CAP's price-fixing apparatus is so elaborate that EEC headquarters in Brussels must make seventy separate calculations each week for each of 300 products on which it sets a price. During

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the recent monetary upheavals, the EEC sent out a Telex message eighty-one feet long just to list new tariffs on food imports. The *Financial Times* of London has proclaimed CAP to be "simply unworkable," and West German Agricultural Minister Josef Ertl calls it "idiotic."

The red tape is complicated by the fact that all CAP calculations are made in "units of account," a make-believe currency, and then are translated into the nine different currencies of the member nations. The unit of account was invented to help CAP keep farm prices equal in all nine nations. This means it should have a constant value in all nine. But recent currency changes, such as the repeated revaluations of the deutsche mark, have thrown all calculations on equal prices askew. This has led CAP officials to formulate a complicated set of special levies and taxes in order to equalize things again. But with six Common Market currencies floating together and three others floating separately, with Germany revaluing periodically and Denmark contemplating devaluation, and with the U.S. dollar off on a drunken trajectory of its own, these levies and taxes pile one on top of another. The compensatory taxes, when first introduced, were meant to be temporary. But West German farmers, who became their main beneficiaries, like most recipients of a windfall, hate to let them go. West Germany's Ertl, who owes his seat in the Bundestag to the Bavarian farm vote, once walked out of a Common Market meeting rather than agree to dismantle the tax structure.

Thus far, certainly, little of the money paid in high market prices has filtered down to the farmers, with the exception of big growers in France and Holland. Of the subsidies and supports flowing from the CAP budget, fully 80 percent goes to only one-third of Europe's farmers. Italian farmers, after eleven years of CAP, remain poor. Large pockets of rural poverty persist in Germany and parts of France, where statistics show a high suicide rate among peasants. Dutch farmers earn, on the average, nearly three times as much as Irish ones. The average European farmer, even today, owns about twenty-five acres and barely makes ends meet.

The reason, basically, is that there are too many farmers working too small farms. Europeans, like Americans, have found that, in farming, bigness equals prosperity. With the high investment that farming requires, even CAP's price supports have done no more than kept small farmers struggling along on a marginal basis. Much of the money is siphoned off by middlemen before it reaches the farm. And only the biggest farmers, particularly wheat growers, are geared to take advantage of the real CAP bounty —export subsidies. The rest produce for local markets.

Thus some large European wheat farmers are millionaires. More typical are the hundreds of thousands of small herdsmen nurturing their cattle for $2000 a year or less. Many have given up. Throughout the original six EEC nations, the farm population fell from 20 million to 9.5 million during the Sixties, as marginal farmers left the land and went to work in factories. For them, a system specifically designed to spread postwar prosperity to small farmers has become a bad joke.

"Large pockets of rural poverty persist in Germany and parts of France, where statistics show a high rate of suicide among peasants."

The EEC, realizing that its farms are overpopulated, belatedly made the exodus from the farm an official policy and adopted a ten-year plan to keep the trend going. The program is called the Mansholt Plan, after Dr. Sicco Mansholt, the Dutchman who retired this year after fourteen years as the EEC agricultural commissioner and six months as its president. The plan aims at cutting the Common Market's current farm population by half (to 5 million in 1980), by training young marginal farmers for industry and pensioning off older farmers. Other features include soil banks to avoid surpluses, encouragement of meat production, discouragement of dairy gluts, and modernization of the farms that are left when the migration ends. The eventual aim is larger farms and higher technology, on the American model.

It took Mansholt four years to get his plan approved by the EEC's member nations. It was to have gone into effect last year but has been postponed until next year, and few observers believe it will start then. The target date of 1980 probably is a pipe dream. Meanwhile, because of natural causes, the European farm population continues to shrink by 3 to 4 percent per year.

WHY THE RESISTANCE to change? One reason is CAP's status as one of the few real Common Market accomplishments so far. Its tangible manifestations, good or bad, have instilled an inordinate pride in some defenders of European unity, who fear that any reform of existing institutions will jeopardize future progress. More important is CAP's original concept, which was less an economic outline than a social policy. Its supporters have always seen it as a ladder bringing farmers up from poverty and into the prosperity of postwar Europe. Only on this basis can its soak-the-consumer aspects be justified. Belief in CAP now depends more on faith than on facts, but this is not so important. What counts is the blind reverence it inspires in many sectors of the Common Market. Within these sectors criticism is heresy.

Sometimes this support is not so blind. Large-scale French farmers have done very well out of CAP. They are politically powerful, and the French government has rejected any tampering with the structure that has brought them so many benefits. Thus prospects for real progress appear slim, unless CAP's critics can marshal the growing discontent of the harried consumers.

But appearances could deceive. For CAP has never been without its critics, and these critics are more numerous today. They can count on widespread, if unorganized, support from consumers. And, for the first time, they have breached both the bureaucracy and the farming establishment.

Until recently, the lone voice of organized farming was a lobby called COPA. Unlike the consumers, it is highly organized and has proved itself ready to demonstrate, boycott, and even riot to win its demands—higher prices and unlimited production. But a new organization, COMEPRA, has sprung up to unite small left-wing farmers' organizations and thereby challenge COPA. COMEPRA denies that CAP has improved the farmers' lot and says that large-scale reduction of the farm population would only make things worse.

EEC commissioner Altiero Spinelli has been campaigning for Europe to "end its excessive dependence on high prices to guarantee farm incomes." Spinelli would freeze farm prices and limit the

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Wide World

Farm protest—"A system designed to spread prosperity has become a bad joke."

amount of surpluses that the Common Market would automatically purchase. There may be a transatlantic trade war, he warns, unless Europe "manages to curb the powerful sugar and cereals lobbies and restores agricultural prices to their role of market regulators, discarding its ultraprotectionist attitude on these products." Spinelli has now won important support from Sir Christopher Soames, son-in-law of Sir Winston Churchill and the man in charge of leading Europe into the Nixon Round. As the EEC commissioner for external affairs, Soames is in a better position than Spinelli to affect policy. CAP is highly unpopular in Britain; and within the EEC bureaucracy there are joking predictions that if Soames can change the European farm picture, a peerage for him is assured. Soames has one big advantage: He used to be British ambassador to Paris and is an old hand at dealing with the French.

The most-discussed prospective reform is the use of subsidies and deficiency payments—straightforward government handouts to farmers to enable them to sell their products at lower prices. This idea has no place in the Mansholt Plan. But Britain has used a similar method at home and is pushing it now in Europe.

A potential major challenge to CAP is brewing in Germany, where an advisory committee to the agricultural ministry has recommended that Germany drop out of the common price-fixing system and set food costs on a national basis. The committee said Germany should stick with the rest of CAP's policies, such as the variable levy system. But its price recommendation, if adopted by the government, would be such a breach in European agricultural unity that the entire CAP would begin to unravel.

Other European voices are also beginning to assail CAP, which *The Times* of London has called a "costly and socially regressive failure." But perhaps the loudest thunder comes from the United States, where the government has said it wants the Nixon Round to open up European markets to American farm exports—unlike the Kennedy Round, which cut industrial tariffs but had little liberalizing effect on food trade. Secretary of Agriculture Earl L. Butz told a meeting in Paris that "we do not understand how it can happen that a market as wealthy as Europe should not be open to American produce. For what reasons should the European system of protection be considered sacrosanct?" This sort of blunt talk, while true enough, puts CAP's defenders on guard against any change (France's agricultural minister, Jacques Chirac, accused Butz of advocating "savage liberalization") and defeats the efforts of those, like Soames, who would modify it slowly. Other American negotiators echo the theme that the United States, by virtue of its efficient production, deserves a large share of the European market. Europeans who object to this reasoning gained unexpected ammunition from the U.S. soybean embargo. Why should the United States be given more of the European market, they argue, when it arbitrarily refuses to fill the share it already has?

Rational dialogue on the entire subject is hampered by the fact that the statistics can prove anything. A U.S. government report estimates that, without the CAP barriers against imports, the increased U.S. farm exports would produce a dramatic $8 billion improvement in the American trade balance by 1980. Economist Johnson says fair play by Europe would generate so much demand for American exports—particularly wheat—that all land in the U.S. soil bank could be returned to the plow. The EEC replies with statistics showing that U.S. farm exports to Europe have grown steadily since 1962 and are still rising (by 12 percent last year). The United States says this is true but is owing mostly to European imports of soybeans. Europe grows no soybeans: Therefore, there is no CAP tariff against them. U.S. wheat exports, faced with the variable levy, have fallen since 1962.

The best American strategy would seem to be to avoid frontal assaults on CAP and instead make quiet common cause with the many Europeans who feel it is time to drop excessive protectionism and try something new. Spinelli and Soames can count on a growing cadre of followers, particularly in Britain and Germany. During a review of CAP scheduled for later this year, the Common Market will consider "structural reforms." France is highly suspicious of this and in normal times would veto any reforms. But these are not normal times. Both the world food picture and trade relations are changing fast. Powerful forces seek to remake Europe's agricultural dinosaur. If Americans trumpet their desire to destroy CAP, these forces will have no choice but to rally to its defense. But American pressures applied subtly on the side of the angels could bring a billion-dollar advantage to American exporters—and at the same time do a favor for long-suffering European shoppers. □

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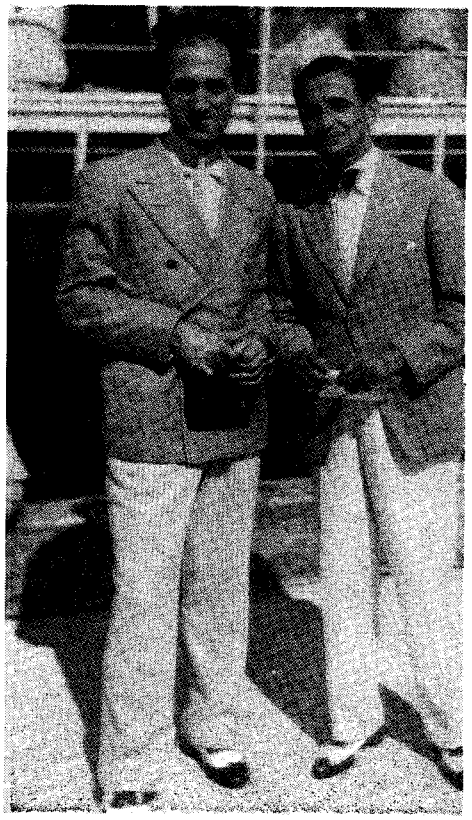

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Jubilee in Blue

Fascinatin' rhythm, crackling lyrics, and a new musical form were the gift of the Gershwins, who are honored today on the seventy-fifth anniversary of George's birth.

By Irving Kolodin

The promotional machinery activated to remind us that George Gershwin was born on September 26, 1898, and that this year marks the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth, is formidable. A commemorative stamp has been issued; a bounteous exhibit of paintings, photos, and other mementos is running at a gallery on New York's Fifth Avenue; more-than-normal attention to his music has been generated on the radio and in the concert halls; and a sumptuous book, entitled *The Gershwins* (Atheneum, $25.00), has been created by Robert Kimball, that gifted fellow who gave us *Cole*. It is almost as though George Gershwin had not died after surgery for a brain tumor on July 11, 1937.

Few composers of the century have produced a body of work that remains so vibrantly alive at the seventy-fifth anniversary of the composer's birth as George Gershwin. When the collaborative tie with his brother George had been severed by death, Ira's *oeuvre* continued to mount. Here they are together again, reunited in word and picture, reliving the joys and sorrows, the ebb and flow, the high spots and the low of a collaboration unlike any other in the history of songwriting. The lowest, of course, is the somber moment reclaimed from history that shows the body of George being borne from Temple Emanu-El before a sorrowing throng headed by Mayor Fiorello La Guardia. But the next page affirms the vitality of Ira's talent, which came to joyous rebirth in *Lady in the Dark*.

Doubtless George Gershwin would have written much more music had he lived to share this anniversary with us. But would he have written better? "I Got Rhythm," "Embraceable You," "The Man I Love," "Our Love Is Here to Stay," and scores of other songs are the man in microcosm; the Concerto in F, *An American in Paris*, and *Porgy and Bess*, the beginning of a macrocosm. If this is, then, not only an observance *in absentia* but also a jubilee in blue, it is nevertheless appropriate to a man whose name will always be linked to the endearingly candid, enduringly original rhapsody of the same color.

The happiest fact about *The Gershwins*—in which Kimball has had the apt participation of John S. Wilson as the author of a lively, lengthy introduction and of Alfred Simon as archaeologist par excellence of all data pertinent to the subjects—is that it is not so much a successor to *Cole* as it is a counterpart and counterpoise. For example, *Cole* opens with an appealing snapshot of a smiling, childish face surmounted by a straw sailor hat, obviously not cheap; it goes on to trace its subject from Peru, Indiana, to prep school and then to Yale—all with overtones of affluence. *The Gershwins* plunges us, if not into the lower depths, then to the wrong side of all the tracks (elevated and subway), and stays in that plebeian, if far from drab, atmosphere for some time thereafter. George's "prep"

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(From left) Fred Astaire, George Gershwin, Ira Gershwin (1937); George, Irving Berlin; George (1925); Jack Donahue, George, Sigmund Romberg, Marilyn Miller, Florenz Ziegfeld (1927).

schools were P.S. 25 and, briefly, Townsend Harris High School before he graduated to a job in Tin Pan Alley. Ira's higher education was acquired by a now-and-then attendance at C.C.N.Y. (City College), in off-hours from serving as cashier in the Turkish baths his father was operating from 1917 to 1918.

George Gershwin had one of his first endorsements from a fairly knowledgeable authority: Word got around that Irving Berlin was looking for a musical secretary to jot down what he played on his keyboard, and young Gershwin was posted to the job. When he filled in a lull with some tunes of his own, Berlin said, "What the hell do you want to work for anybody else for? Work for yourself!" Ira's first objective was to appear in the newspaper "colyum" of the day, especially those conducted by F.P.A. (Franklin Adams) and Don Marquis. When "Gersh" made Don Marquis's *Sun Dial* in May 1917, it was the next thing to an entry in *Who's Who* and the first step to being "good enough" to write lyrics for his brother's music.

Small beginnings, to be sure. But beginnings nevertheless. Neither of the Gershwins had the educational advantages available to Porter. But all three found in American popular music a range and a resilience broad enough to accommodate their talents, however diverse. Nor was that flexibility restricted to Porter and the Gershwins. Kimball could go on from there to the saga of Berlin himself, a singing waiter in a Chinatown café before the success of "Marie From Sunny Italy," and Harold Arlen, the son of a Buffalo cantor, on one side; then to Vincent Youmans, whose father had a chain of fashionable hat stores in New York, and Richard Rodgers, the son of a soundly situated Manhattan doctor, on the other. And the saga still goes on, with Leonard Bernstein, Burt Bacharach, Stephen Sondheim, Jerry Herman, and as yet unknown others.

Some traits of each rubbed off, chronologically, on the others, cross-blending the elegance of Porter, the urgency of Berlin, and the melodic ingenuity of Rodgers into a musical form quite unlike anything previously known in the world's light music. To this development the Gershwins made a tonal and verbal contribution unique both in part and in sum.

The zesty freshness of the music that bore the name of Gershwin as early as 1922 ("Do It Again") is evidence of George Gershwin's importance on the tonal side. But is there equal justice in attributing such priority to Ira Gershwin in a decade made jaunty by the words of Lorenz Hart, Yip Harburg, and Porter himself? Kimball's text offers the supporting evidence in a letter I have not previously seen quoted or reproduced. It is addressed to Ira Gershwin, following the premiere of *Tip-Toes* in 1925, and reads in part:

> It is a great pleasure to live at a time when light amusement in this country is finally losing its brutally cretin aspect. Such delicacies as your jingles prove that songs can be both popular and intelligent. May I take the liberty of saying that your rhymes show a healthy improvement over those in *Lady, Be Good*!
>
> You have helped a lot to make an evening delightful to me—and I am very grateful. . . .
>
> Lorenz Hart

Scholars of the subject know that 1925 was the year in which Rodgers and Hart had their first celebrated success in *Garrick Gaieties*, which contained "Manhattan." Hart's name thus already had an identity, but he was fan enough of Ira Gershwin's talents to acknowledge their pioneering pre-eminence.

In a subject as well combed as the iconography of the brothers Gershwin (ranging from the Merle Armitage memorial tribute of 1938 to the more recent *Gershwin Years* of Edward Jablonski and Lawrence Stewart), oddities and rarities are rather difficult to uncover. However, I cannot recall an earlier reproduction of the photograph inscribed "To George Gershwin with the greatest admiration and very cordially," from Arturo Toscanini, dated April 5, 1936. Nor is the replica of the July 21, 1925, issue of

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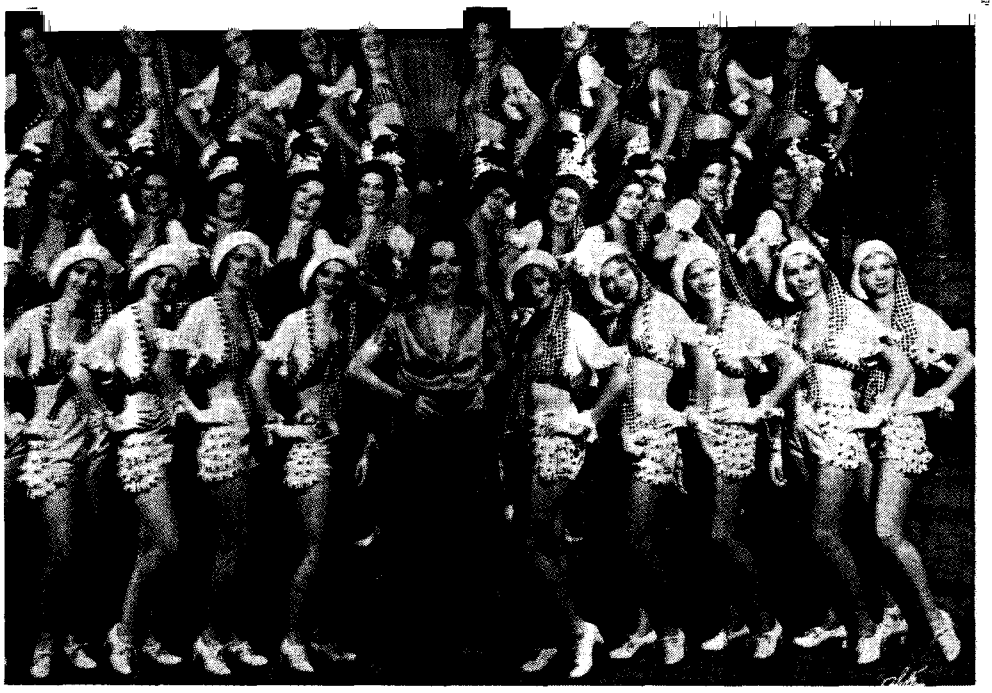


Theatre Collection, Lincoln Center Library of the Performing Arts

Ethel Merman and the girls in "Girl Crazy" (1930).

Time (founded in 1923), with its George Gershwin cover—the first American musician to be accorded that honor—dulled by familiarity.

The Gershwins is visually unprecedented for providing, in beautifully processed color, all the evidence of George's well-known talent for painting, including the self-portrait reproduced on the cover of this issue, as well as the somewhat lesser talent of Ira (not "lesser-known" talent, just lesser talent). An illuminating insight is provided in Richard Rodgers's reminiscences of George Gershwin when he relates that, when the subject of painting and training came up, the composer observed he painted "well enough" and saw "no reason to take lessons."

The report has a curious parallel in the response Gershwin made to me when, in a visit at the time he was working on *Porgy and Bess* (1935), I inquired—with the insensitivity of youth—whether he had ever thought of revising *Rhapsody in Blue*, which had been written in haste and at a time when his formal technique was still primitive. He thought for a moment, then said, "People seem to like it the way it is, so I think I'll leave it that way."

It is a singular part of the Gershwin identity that he was more disposed to accept the verdict of "people" than of critics, fellow professionals, and other objective opinion givers. In this connection it is interesting to note his reaction, reproduced in *The Gershwins*, to Vernon Duke's remark that the second theme of *An American in Paris* was "too sentimental." He ignored it. So realistic a regard for basic appeal may not give Gershwin's music ultimate marks in the lore of esoterica, but it did endear his efforts to a major share of the population, whatever the decade.

As for judicial comment on the concert music, and on the plan the Metropolitan Opera is hatching to present *Porgy and Bess* during the 1976 bicentennial season, both may be deferred until Charles Schwartz's *George Gershwin, His Life and Music* is published in November. Too bad that Gershwin didn't live to find himself given a "life and music" treatment, just like Chopin, Wagner, Brahms, and many others. He would have loved that. □

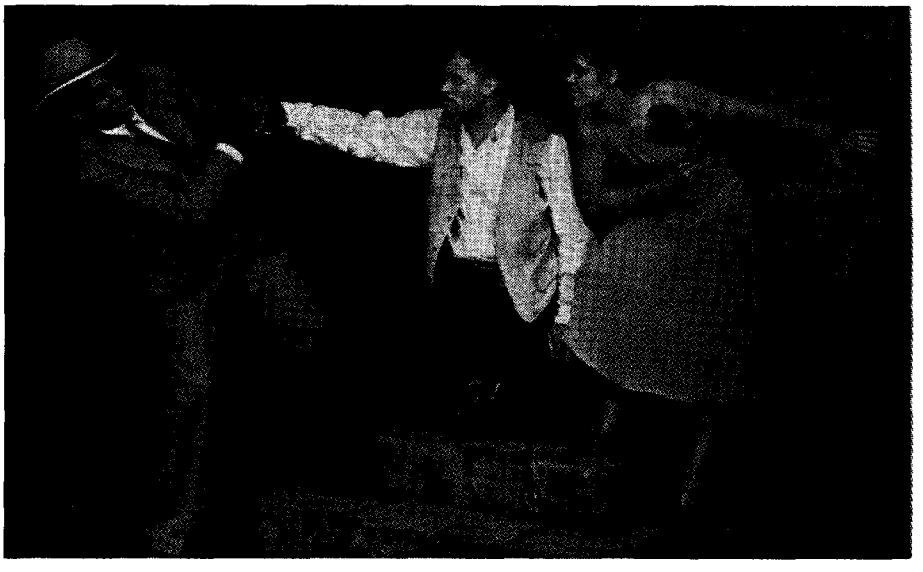
Remembering George Gershwin

By Kay Swift

In the early years I was a terrible snob about musical-comedy music and didn't like any at all. I liked blues, spirituals, fast music, but not musical comedy. It never would have occurred to me to write any. One day long before I met George, my brother came to our house and put on some records of "Stairway to Paradise" and "Do It Again!" They seemed to me vastly different from anything else I'd heard. I thought, "Well, that's not like any other show music anybody's writing." It reflected the way I felt, that things should be unpredictable. They were patently predictable at that time, until George's music. I thought that one had to have this element of surprise in all music, any music. Shoot for the top. Why not? When I heard those records, his music seemed fresh and new, instantly identifiable. I loved the verse of "Stairway to Paradise," and the whole

Kay Swift is a composer and pianist whose relationship with George Gershwin was more lasting than any he had with other women in his life. She wrote songs for such Broadway productions as Fine and Dandy *and* Garrick Gaieties.

"Recollections of Kay Swift," excerpted from The Gershwins. *© 1973 by Robert E. Kimball and Alfred E. Simon. Reprinted by arrangement with Atheneum Publishers.*



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John W. Bubbles, Todd Duncan, and Anne Brown in "Porgy and Bess" (1935).

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thing was so alive. It had so much vitality.

I met him when he was brought to my apartment by Marie Rosanoff, who was a marvelous cello player. She brought Jascha Heifetz, Sam Chotzinoff, Pauline Heifetz. George came with Pauline, and Ira came along. It was great fun. That was quite a bit before *Oh, Kay!*—1925, I believe.

There was a period of three or four months during which I didn't see him at all. I had just met him once. He came to a party and played for a long time and then said, "Well, I've got to go to Europe now." And I thought that was rather charming.

I remember George with much the most impact from the spring of 1926, when he'd come back from Europe.

HE AND HIS MUSIC were all of a piece—he was exactly like his music. And he had the face, personality, and the looks, and he moved exactly the way you'd expect from his music. I never saw anyone who was more like his music. As a matter of fact, I think people are like their work. I once met Ravel when he came over and wanted to meet Gershwin. He looked exactly like his music. You knew he'd written it.

George was somebody I'd rather hear play than anybody else. He went right to the piano and sat down with joy. The first thing, I think, was "Kickin' the Clouds Away" and then some things from *Tip-Toes*: "Looking for a Boy" and "That Certain Feeling" and "The Man I Love." He used to play a chorus very brilliantly and then transpose to a lower key where

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The composer-pianist at work.

Songwriter but Also Composer

All cultural disciplines are subject to the tyranny of fashion. Suddenly, it's all about Hume or Diderot or the Port Royal grammarians; suddenly Thomas Mann is out and Macaulay is in; Chomsky is in and out faster than one can follow.

The world of music is not exempt from this epochal whimsicality. In fact, it tends to be more fickle and volatile than even the brave new world of linguistics. I remember causing a sensation as a Harvard undergraduate by announcing that I loved the music of Tchaikovsky. It was considered an outrageous heresy; Tchaikovsky was located one pigeonhole beneath contempt at the time, as was Verdi. The fashion dictated pre-Beethoven and post-Wagner. Today, half a lifetime later, Verdi is musicologized as solemnly as is Monteverdi; Hindemith is unfashionable, Ravel grossly underrated. Alas, the musical marketplace.

One of the most egregious victims of this musical haute-couture in our century has been George Gershwin. The "higher criticism" does not permit that name to enter the category of significant composers. This is sad, because Gershwin was certainly one of the true authentic geniuses American music has produced. Time and history may even show him to be the truest and most authentic of his time and place.

IT IS SAD, and yet understandable. Gershwin was, after all, a songwriter—in his nature, his origin, his experience, and his craft. His songs have become part of our language, or the vernacular, if you will, and they are happily hummed and whistled by people the world over. He came from the wrong side of the tracks, grew up in the ambience of Tin Pan Alley, song plugging, and musical near-illiteracy. His short life was one steady push to cross the tracks, both musically and socially—an effort guided and sustained by ambition and an enormous reservoir of sensibilities. This book traces that track crossing, from songs to shows, from shows to real theater pieces *(works)* such as *Of Thee I Sing*, from structually weak concert pieces like the *Rhapsody in Blue*, through the *Concerto in F*, to the final amalgamation we see in *Porgy*. All these works are easily demolished by the Higher Criticism: The *Rhapsody*, for example, can be made to seem a model of structural inefficiency. It is episodic, loosely strung together by rather artificial transitions, modulatory devices, and secondhand cadenzas. But what's important is not what's wrong with the *Rhapsody* but what's right with it. And what's right is that each of those inefficiently connected episodes is in itself melodically inspired, harmonically truthful, rhythmically authentic. Again we call upon that word; no less a master of form and structure than Arnold Schoenberg recognized the "authenticity" of Gershwin's music.

GERSHWIN'S TRAGEDY was not that he failed to cross the tracks but, rather, that he did, and once there, in his new habitat, was deprived of the chance to plunge his roots firmly into the new soil. He was given only a little more than a decade to develop the fruits of this transplantation, and died shockingly and maddeningly in his thirties, a few years older than Mozart was when he died. These two names may be felt to be an uncomfortable pairing, but they make a fascinating comparison. Both men were "naturals," each evolving a body of music that sprang like phenomena of nature from their respective soils, fertile and flourishing. But Mozart had no tracks to cross; his was one great, continuing harvest from childhood to death. Gershwin, on the contrary, had to plow, sow, thresh, and reap afresh, over and over again. By the time of *Porgy* we sense an incipient Master. We can only speculate about what degree of mastery he might have attained if he had lived. The tragedy of his death-in-the-prime is a great one; but we only compound the tragedy if we persist in the Higher Criticism and ignore the radiant fact that Gershwin was, and remains, one of the greatest voices that ever rang out in the history of American urban culture.

Leonard Bernstein

From Gershwin: The Man and His Music *by Charles Schwartz. "In Appreciation"* *© 1973 by Leonard Bernstein. To be published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company in October.*

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he could sing it. He was always able to give an idea of the song, whether it was in Ezio Pinza's range or Lily Pons's. He would always sort of manage. He'd do it so it would make you want to imitate him if you did it again yourself.

Sometimes he would sit down and say, "I started a little theme something like this," and he'd play it and it would be very interesting. Immediately it would be alive, and he was not in the least embarrassed the way some composers are. I'm an old easy embarrasser myself.

HE HEARD his music simultaneously through his and yours and anyone else's ears. In fact, he would sit right down in this room while we were talking and do something on the piano, and he would not be a bit embarrassed whether we listened or did not listen. He wasn't uptight about it at all, in any way. It was amazing.

He played with exactly the same enthusiasm whether he played for people who would appreciate it or anyone who would listen to it. It was an electric experience. It was plain to see that something important was happening. That great, strong quality of excitement would prevail on everyone. I've seen people who were very old and little kids just get up and walk over to the piano, and they hadn't expected to—they were hypnotized. It was like the Pied Piper.

He was enthusiastic about other people's music. I never saw a composer who cared that much about everybody else's music. He could think his way into the point of view of any composer who he thought was good at all. He was very enthusiastic about Hoagy Carmichael's music. We bought a copy of the "Washboard Blues" and played it seven or eight times right then and there. He loved it.

The shows were always much more of a headache because there were such changes. He was very anxious that the show as a whole be successful. He didn't think of the music as standing out, because he was too good a showman—and knew well there was no use having a great score if the show bombed.

He didn't go into great guilt about anything. He'd just fix it if he didn't like it. He'd try it different ways. He'd say, "I think I like this ending better than that one," and he would try it out on people. He was very open minded. I'm sure Ira will back me up on this.

Parties at the Jules Glaenzers' were such fun I was willing to put up with the shushing. When George played, they didn't talk. Nobody would move, except toward the piano, and everybody held his breath. You'd be in the middle of a sentence and Jules Glaenzer would walk up to you, and he'd say "Shush" very loudly with his head right up to your face, practically.

They were late parties. One wouldn't go there until after the theater, and then people who played in different shows would turn up. George would be there, and I often went with him.

Everybody felt relaxed and happy at the Glaenzers'. Noël Coward would be there, if he was in town. Cole, I'm sure, was there, and Dick Rodgers. On one occasion Dick said, "Let's write a little something for George." Many of George's friends did—and performed it for him at a subsequent party. I did a piano trio because that was what I was doing at the time. One of the themes became "Can This Be Love?"

George was always an enthusiast, steamed up with the essentials of anything. A play would do it. A painting.

Riding. He did it well. He smoked a cigar at the same time, and I told him it doesn't go with riding a horse. An instructor somewhere up the Hudson had said to him while he was learning, "Tummy in, tummy out. Tummy in, tummy out." That was how you trotted. Sounds like something Gilbert and Sullivan would write.

Dancing was just natural with him. He didn't take any lessons. He was a free spirit, but very conventional where his family was concerned—although he was always blazing ahead. He would say to his sister Frances, "Frankie, pull your skirt down." Ira was always more reticent.

He didn't have the self-image that most people have that gets between one and what one is doing. George always put all of himself into everything he was doing. He always had complete concentration.

I think he was very logical in the way he would know just when to bring the first theme to a close, to develop, to return to the first and to have it then in contrapuntal form, running one against the other.

The film *Rhapsody in Blue* made George into a person who was always in a hurry and who had to make time. No, it was not like that at all. It was all done in a joyful way, not in a driven way. The only thing I saw was a joyous delight in whatever he was doing and doing it completely, not breaking off and doing something else. Just seeing it to an appropriate end.

For a time he turned to painting and turned back to music, and it was all rhythmic. It was never chopped off, abrupt. Never.

Of Thee I Sing had a wonderful opening night. Beatrice Kaufman and I gave a party. The critics came and read their reviews. I'd never heard of such a thing before. I was running everywhere, and Alice Duer Miller said, "Stop running. It will all be all right."

WHEN WE HAD the now-famous party for *Porgy and Bess*—the last party—Jules Glaenzer was one of ten men all very well off, men like Bill Paley, Marshall Field, Averell Harriman, who put up the money. We had 430 people at Condé Nast's, who lent us his house and staff. I remember taking whole days making lists, sending telegrams, and there was almost nothing but acceptances. We hired a Spanish orchestra. All the men were in white tie and tails. It was the dress-up era. I was going to Philadelphia in the morning to give the

"Hollis Alpert's wicked look at the Hollywood scene

— at the making of a movie — is readable, entertaining, and not a little sly . . . Guessing games, parlor games, money games, and Hollywood high life make this worth the price of admission."—*Publishers Weekly*

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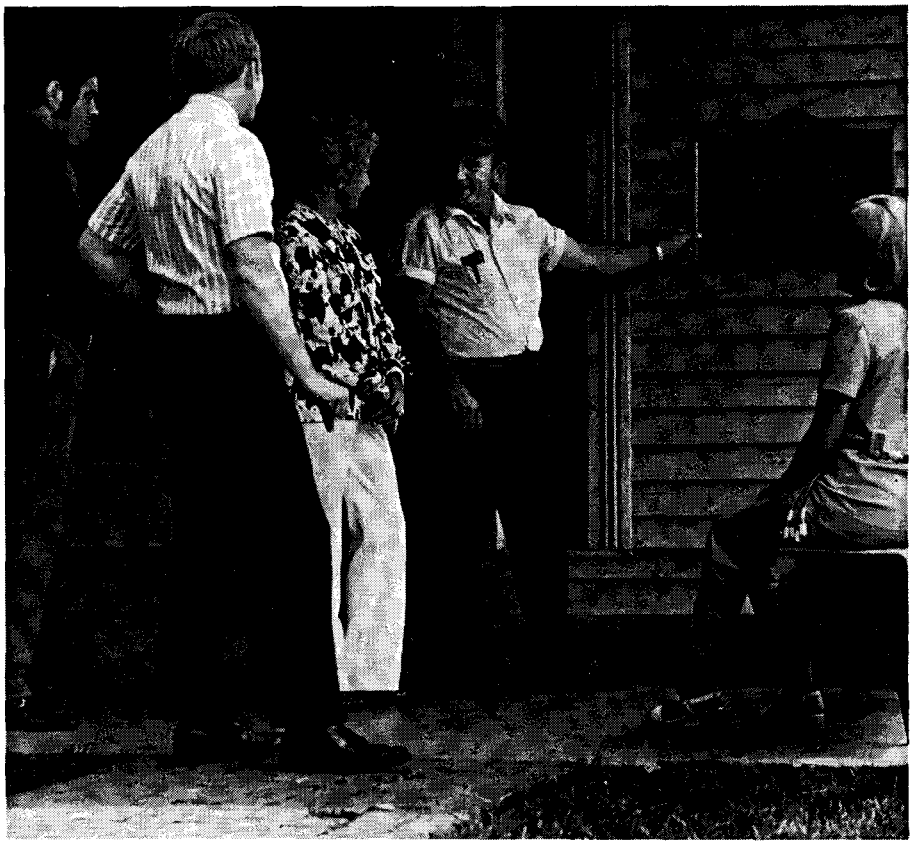
first lecture on *Porgy and Bess*, illustrated at the piano, at the Curtis Institute. I had to make a train at eleven in the morning, and it was not until seven that we all got to bed.

I remember the often-told story about John Bubbles. On opening night Bubbles wore an emerald green suit he had bought at his own expense for the show. He had never worn it in rehearsals. He just sprang it that night. It zipped up the front, and he couldn't get it up, and he couldn't get it down. And he had to do "Boat Dat's Leavin' " with his back to the audience. He did it beautifully, though he couldn't stand up. We had been petrified when they played his entrance music three times before he came out. I was sitting between George and Ira, and we were dying. I was digging into their arms. But nobody knew there was a stage wait because the orchestra played on without a break.

The opening was great. During the intermission we went out into the alley on the side of the Alvin, and I remember Libby Holman saying, "Oh, George, it's so great I haven't stopped crying," and she was sobbing right then. Everybody was. It was so moving. The critics didn't know what hit them—they ate their words later.

I didn't see him for the final year of his life. He went to California in August 1936, and I never saw him after that photograph of him standing on the step of the ramp at the airport. And he had a mark around his head, which was a deep groove from a straw hat that was too small for him.

George left his apartment all furnished, and Emily Paley and I went afterward and arranged to have everything packed up and stored. When he left, he did not know how long he was going to be gone—he went for one picture, and another came up afterward, and he stayed and did it. He and Ira went to the airport separately. George and I went in a taxi. We had decided we were not going to see each other or write and see how it went and if it would be a happy arrangement. We kept everything cheery and bright. He laughed and talked about the picture. We said good by, and he walked up the ramp. And I knew for sure I'd never see him again. I didn't know why, but I knew that was all; that was it. And he stood at the top of the ramp, and he waved the hat, and all I could see was the groove that went around his head like an Indian headband. □



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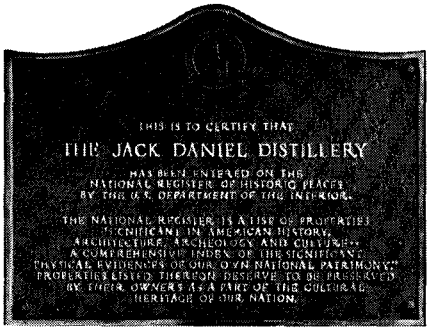
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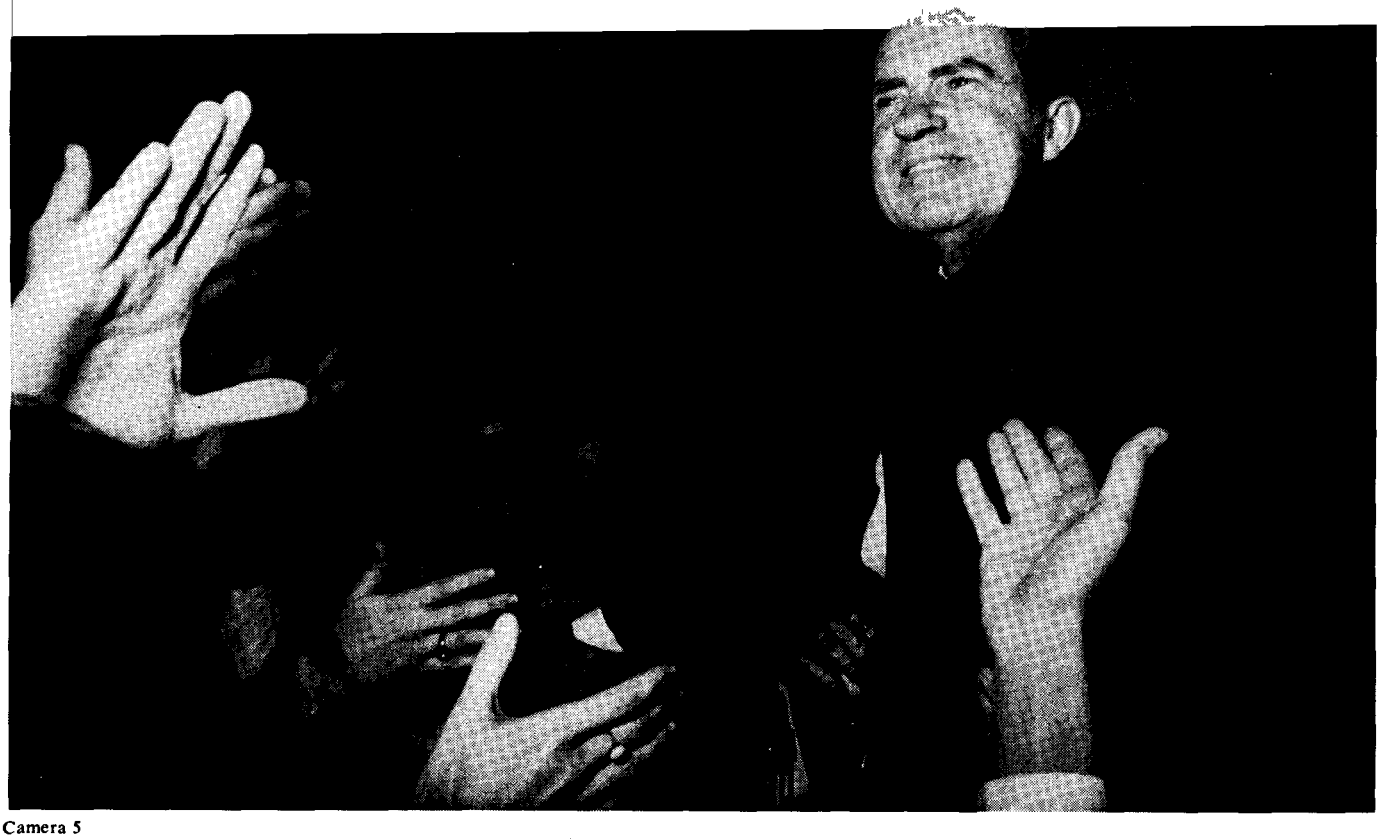

Camera 5

"The picture of the President . . . is of a very private, highly intelligent, pragmatic, deeply committed patriot."

Chronicle of an Era's End

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1972: A NARRATIVE HISTORY OF AMERICAN POLITICS IN ACTION
By Theodore H. White
Atheneum, 480 pp., $10.00

Reviewed by Jeane Kirkpatrick

Almost no one wants to talk about the 1972 presidential election any more. For many the massive repudiation of George McGovern is too painful, too frustrating to bear thinking about. For others—the ones who voted for Nixon—that mélange of fanaticism, bungling, and illegality we call Watergate rendered the election embarrassing, the victory joyless. The hearings, played out on our TV screens like a dismal soap opera in which we are all participant observers, invite, even encourage, us to dismiss the election as one more dirty trick. Theodore White understands the impulse and warns against "the view of the election as fraud." It is not only that White wants to sell his new book—his fourth chronicle of presidential politics—he is really convinced that the 1972 vote reflects a collective decision of the overwhelming majority of Americans about some very important issues.

Last year, before the balloting, nearly everyone agreed that the election provided a clearer choice than Americans are usually offered. Agreed, too, that, as in 1964, most voters understood that the '72 election was no routine choice between parties. "Send them a message," George Wallace used to exhort his reliably large audiences. The national landslide in which Nixon carried forty-nine states and won 17 million more votes than his opponent was that message. White is right to remind us that the issues on which the election turned were unrelated to Watergate and can be ignored by parties and politicians only at their peril. (Democrats, particularly, should recall that it was the *Republican* party that won the election following Teapot Dome.)

Of course, it is Theodore White's business to find meaning in elections—and drama and human interest and readers. He knows his business well. Being a knowledgeable and perceptive political observer and an unusually good reporter, he weaves the events of 1972 into a good story that will hold the attention of most *aficionados* of the American political scene. *The Making of the President 1972* has all the characteristics we have come to expect in White's accounts—vivid characters, interesting inside information, and the drama of a contest with big stakes. White respects the political process and politicians and enjoys it. His enthusiasm for politics colors his interpretation of events and people and gives this book an infectious excitement that keeps one turning pages.

WHITE IS NOT TRYING to write value-free current history. His own perspective and evaluations are present throughout the book, and he becomes—as good story tellers often do—a major participant in his narrative. An avowed liberal, White nonetheless tries hard to get inside both liberal and conservative positions and to depict the political world from the diverse perspectives of the contestants. He succeeds better than most partisans—and most journalists—in giving a fair shake

Jeane Kirkpatrick is a professor of political science at Georgetown University and senior author of a research project, now in progress, on the 1972 political conventions.

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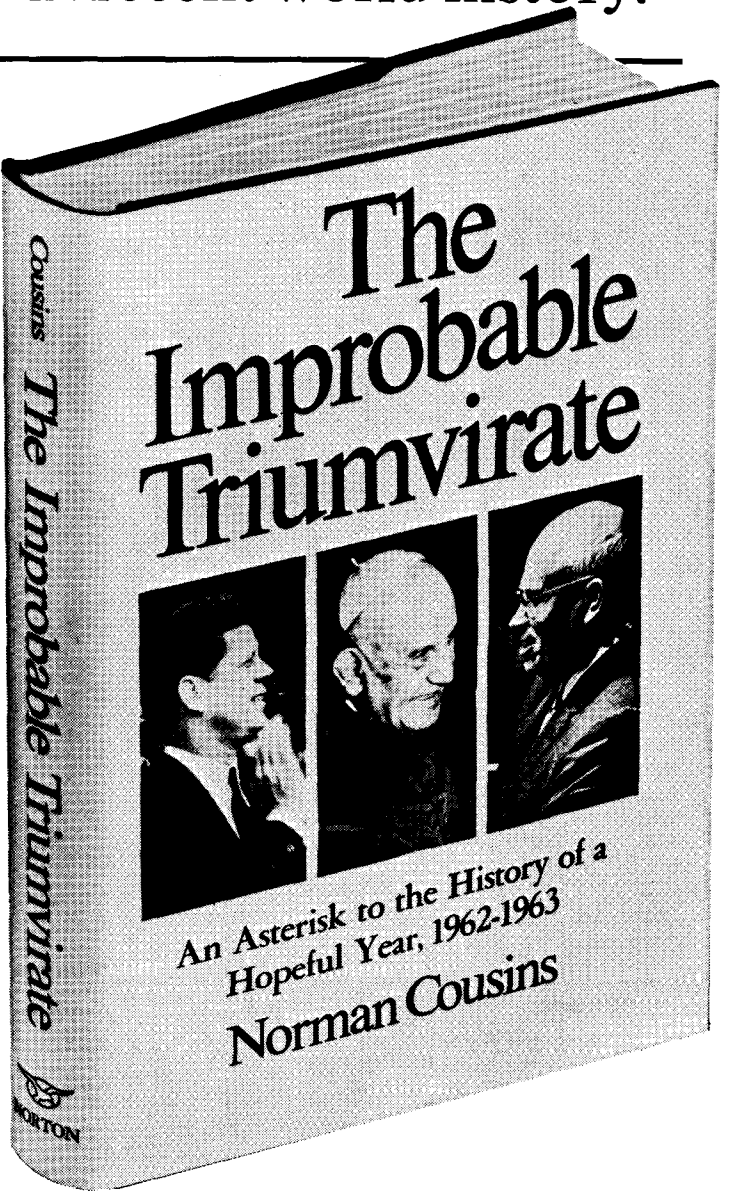

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to characters on different ends of the political spectrum.

His treatment of Richard Nixon, for example, is far more sympathetic than those we usually encounter. The book was largely written before the major Watergate disclosures and skillfully revised to take account of the major charges. Yet White's evaluation of the President does not seem to have been importantly influenced by John Dean's charges. I do not suggest that White takes lightly the bugging of the Democratic National Committee, only that he is not (or at least was not at the time the book went to press) convinced that the President was a party to the cover-up. Were it the case that a President knew a "felony was being committed" and failed to take action, then, White believes, he would "have to leave." But, he counsels also, "to indict a President only on hearsay evidence or gossip is equally unforgivable." The picture of the President, derived from years of Nixon watching, supplemented by long personal interviews is of a very private, highly intelligent, pragmatic, deeply committed patriot. White's description of Richard Nixon recalls the old Mort Sahl line about the Nixon family at home, "Dick reading the Constitution, Pat knitting a flag." But better let White speak for himself.

> Conversations with him, when I first came to know him, had the sound of a male Barbara Fritchie: "Shoot, if you must, this old gray head but spare your country's flag." Then it sank in that this *was* the philosophy of Richard Nixon; there was nothing spurious about it. His first duty was to protect the state of America—against all enemies, at home and abroad. This led to the next, the overriding thought in his mind. America needed peace—he would bring peace.

White's frank respect for the President differentiates him sharply from fellow liberal journalists whose distaste for Richard Nixon transcends even their dislike of his predecessor, Lyndon Johnson. "Nixon," White comments, "has appeared in liberal prose always as if the brand of Cain were on him." In recognizing and devoting a chapter to the *mutual* antagonism between the President and the press, White departs from the conventions of liberal journalism, according to which the President and Vice President are hostile to the press, but the press is merely objective. For treating the press as a *participant* in a power struggle to control the nation's agenda and values, White has already been publicly reproached by two famous fellow journalists. But he is much too good a reporter to

"It is Theodore White's business to find meaning in elections—and drama and human interest and readers. He knows his business well."

ignore the "institutional hatred" that characterizes relations between this President and the most powerful media spokesmen. Nixon, he tells us, feigned indifference but was, in fact, almost "obsessed" by the hostility of the liberal press. According to White, feelings between *The Washington Post* and the President were especially intense long before Watergate: "*The Washington Post* hates Richard Nixon, and Nixon hates *The Washington Post*, and they are locked like two scorpions in a battle, determined to destroy each other." It was not only the *Post* but the whole group of prestige papers—misnamed the Eastern liberal press—against which the President was pitted: *The New York Times, The Boston Globe,* Long Island's *Newsday,* the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* the *Los Angeles Times*. White's comments on the structure of the news business and on the "great newspaper families of the baronial press," their politics and the ethic that guides their news management, are insightful and provocative. The notion that the news media are culturally neutral enjoys the status of dogma for many liberal partisans, but White agrees with Nixon and Pat Buchanan that these media are indeed carriers of the new culture, of which in 1972 Richard Nixon was the chief opponent.

The President's campaign strategy, White tells us, was shaped by his struggle with the press. Convinced he could not win in dealing with reporters, Nixon adopted a strategy that emphasized unavailability and ignored the conventional news-delivery system in favor of direct communication with voters via the air waves. It worked. Less exposed, he was temporarily less vulnerable, and White judges that for a brief period after the election Nixon enjoyed an edge in his continuing contest with the press. Watergate changed all that.

White's judgments of McGovern are both more positive and more negative than his assessment of Nixon: The Democrat's motives are flawless, but his performance is poor. White's McGovern is the sort of man who gives virtue a bad name. "Good will," he tells us, "was the pattern of George McGovern's frailty." Theodore White is not the first observer to be impressed by McGovern's warmth, kindness, generosity, sensitivity, carelessness, unreliability, and ineptitude. White retells the story of how George McGovern implored Larry O'Brien to remain as national chairman, only later to withdraw the offer and lie, publicly, about O'Brien's availability; about how McGovern abandoned Pierre Salinger after having nominated him as vice-chairman; about how he then sent Salinger to meet with Hanoi's representatives in Paris and denied that he had done so; about his hapless pursuit of Ted Kennedy and his careless choice of Thomas Eagleton. White holds George McGovern almost wholly responsible for *l'affaire* Eagleton. It seems entirely credible to him that in a hurried telephone conversation Eagleton should no more remember to mention his previous hospitalizations for "nervous breakdown" than that one would remember to mention a broken leg that had healed.

IF WHITE is hard on McGovern's performance, he is generous in his interpretation of the movement that McGovern briefly led. Fundamentally, Theodore White sees Democratic politics as the McGovern movement saw it: The bad old pre-1972 fossilized party was run by power brokers; the McGovern/Fraser commission "could only be seen as a prodigious exercise in intelligence," whose work was "of the same order of thoughtfulness that had produced the American Constitution"; the California challenge was an attempted "steal"; the National Women's Political Caucus had no case on South Carolina; Miami was the "fairest" convention in history.

Because he adopts the movement's perspective on the Democratic party and on the convention and the events that preceded it, White is unable to explain adequately the massive, unprecedented defections of traditional Democrats from the McGovern campaign. The virtual absence of Democratic officeholders from the convention and the alienation of labor are noted, but the feelings and attitudes of traditional Democrats toward the movement are never explored. Therefore, despite repeated allusions to "cultural" conflict, the dimensions and character of the conflict—within the party and between the parties—remain obscure in this account. White doesn't raise questions about what a sophisticated observer

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would have thought of an effort by, say, Lyndon Johnson first to lead a high-minded movement to change the rules of the game, then to use the new rules to win the party's nomination. Nothing here, either, on how the "fairest, most open" processes in history could have produced a convention so *un*representative of Democratic voters. White does raise questions about whether racial and sexual quotas are compatible with liberal principles of equal opportunity and majority rule; but he raises no questions about whether it is "fair" to candidates to have delegates chosen at caucuses that are so easily packed, whether it is "fair" to deprive candidates of control over slates running in their names. Neither does he explore, really, whether any party can afford rules that effectively exclude representatives of that silent majority that speaks so loudly on election day. A consequence of this perspective is that negative characteristics of the movement are frequently presented as personal faults of George McGovern. Sectarianism, moral arrogance, obsession with the war, and unconcern about bread-and-butter issues characterized both man and movement. But White is kinder to the movement than to its candidate, kinder to this movement than to the purists who followed Barry Goldwater in 1964.

Not all movements interest him equally. The Wallace phenomenon, whose spread to the North was a major political development of 1972, gets short shrift in this volume. Nor is this the only omission. In recounting the rise of McGovern, White ignores significant primaries in which the eventual nominee did poorly, though some of these were filled with ominous portent for the McGovern candidacy. He examines less carefully than he might the estrangement of the white working class from the Democratic party. With the South the white working class constituted the core of the "Roosevelt coalition," which swept Democratic candidates into the presidency for two decades after 1932. Now there is growing evidence that both groups may be lost to the national Democratic party, which, White might have reminded us, has won only two of the last six presidential elections, and which has polled more than 50 percent of the vote in only one election since World War II. Nonetheless, White understands that we have come to the end of one political era and that the shape of the new is still unclear. He has given us a book that helps to illuminate the unfamiliar passageways to the future. □

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Books

Prophet of Apocalypse

THE BRIDGE
By D. Keith Mano
Doubleday
240 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Jane Larkin Crain

The Bridge is D. Keith Mano's sixth novel. Its prologue and epilogue are set in an unspecified time and place somewhere in the distant future, and the main body of the narrative takes place as a flash back to the year 2035.

When the novel opens, its protagonist, Dominick Priest, has been dead for about six hundred years and has become the key figure in a religious cult that has human sacrifice and cannibalism as its central rituals, and the premise "all things eat or are eaten" as its central tenet. Priest, the only man to have survived the ecological age, is said to have given his arm to be used as food, literally sacrificing himself for the survival of others.

In "The True Book of Priest," *The Bridge*'s second and central section, the cult of Priest is shown to be based on a lie. We are taken back to the year 2035, during the last days of the ecological age. Men have come to regard themselves as the only elements of discord in the otherwise harmonious scheme of nature, and the reign of the ecologists has been marked by an increasing self-abnegation in the face of what are regarded as nature's rightful claims. Self-interest and the competitive instinct, characteristics inherent in human nature, can lead only to conflict and destruction and must, therefore, be controlled and gradually eliminated. Speech itself has been outlawed, and when the section on Dominick Priest opens, he is serving a prison term for the double crime of "speaking aloud, in anger."

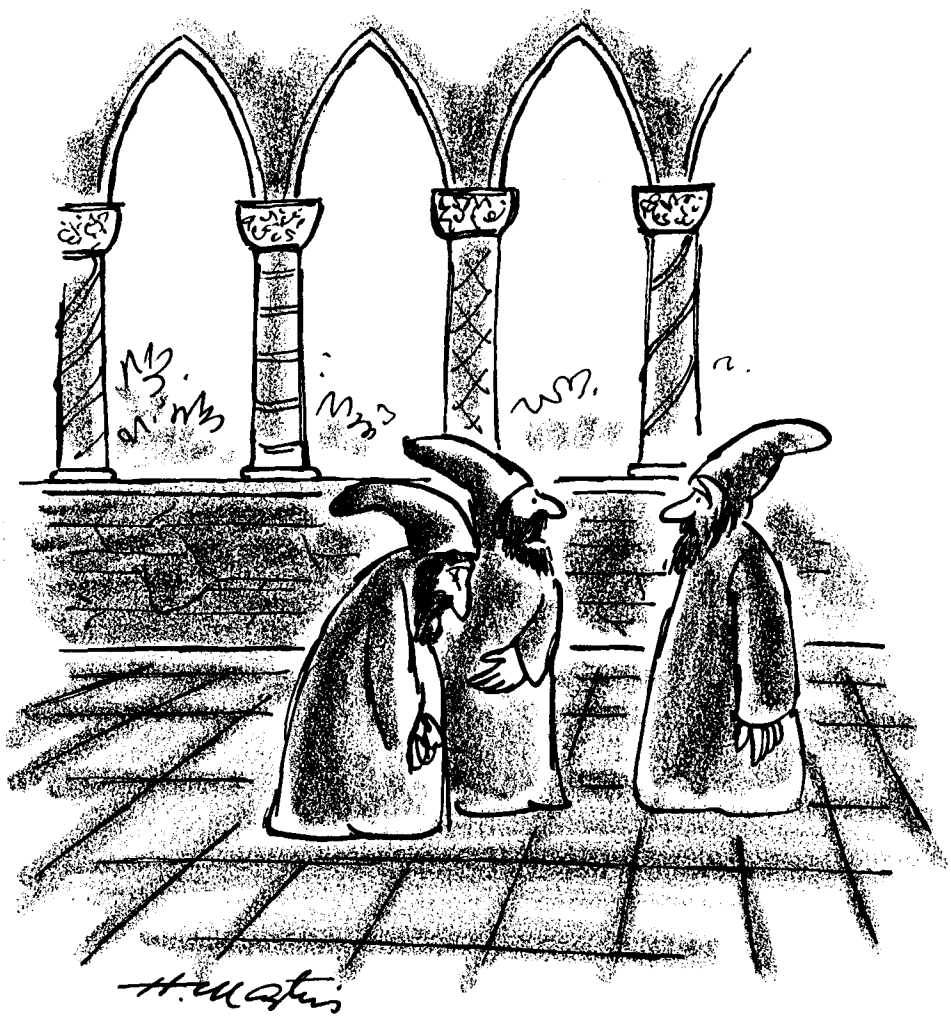
The movement to extremes of passivity and silence reaches its ultimately logical conclusion, and the Council's Emergency Committee on Respiration decrees that since it is impossible for humans to breathe without killing microscopic biological life in the air, "men, in spontaneous free will and contrition, voluntarily accede to the termination of their species." Suicide pills are distributed among the populace; the prisoners are freed to die where they choose, and Priest decides to make his way home to die with his wife and child.

Priest's arduous and macabre journey begins with his crawling on his belly across a cable of the George Washington Bridge from New York to New Jersey, the roadway itself having been destroyed years earlier. As he struggles toward his home, he meets Xavier Paul, a Catholic priest. Shortly before Xavier Paul dies, he baptizes Priest; the transaction is the pivotal moment in the novel. It crystallizes Priest's decision not to die. In a literal interpretation of the communion, he develops a craving for "blood and flesh," and it is this hunger that reawakens his determination to survive. He reaches home to find that Ogilvy, the state guard who provoked the anger that sent Priest to prison, has killed his wife and child. Insane with grief, Priest jumps on his tormentor and devours his arm "to the sweet flesh around its bone." In an enactment of the "eat or be eaten" law of the jungle, Priest reasserts his own right to live.

MOST IMMEDIATELY, of course, *The Bridge* is an exploration of certain drastic misconceptions about "nature," embodied in the formulations of Mr. Mano's "ecologists." Priest's cannibalism is the most purely "natural" act in the book, and it represents the triumph of his animalism over all the normative prohibitions of his society. The fallacy of those prohibitions, though, stems from the failure to recognize that it is precisely in the attempt to protect himself from a terrifying and meaningless violence in nature that man is prompted to "civilize" himself in the first place. In the guilt-ridden and self-castigating response to the fact of human imperfection, the human interest is finally denied any legitimacy at all. Priest survives not as a man but as a brute, because it is only in the most reductive natural context that he finds any support for his desire to stay alive.

Mr. Mano's preoccupation in *The*

Jane Larkin Crain is a young critic who resides in New York City. This is her first appearance in these pages.



"Brother Joseph has lost the formula for Benedictine."

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Bridge seems to be with the problem of finding and holding a middle ground between savage self-assertion and life-negating controls. In the epilogue one of the characters remarks:

> There are only two ages of man. Childhood and senility. Savage youth or self-hating, self-destructive civilization. In between, a few moments—no more, a few—when the balance is held, when man is a god.

The golden age, as it is pointed to in the novel, involves some blend of the anthropocentrism of Christian cosmology and the "exalted conception of man" embodied in the ideals of "America." In the breakdown of both systems of faith, we are left with no way of mediating between the barbarism inherent in "nature" on the one hand and the "decadence" inevitable in the progression of "civilization" on the other.

Ours is an age given to doomsday pronouncements, and Mr. Mano's gloomy vision of the human enterprise is a perfect counterpoint to the clamorings of those whom he attacks. Like his enemies, Mr. Mano eschews the realm of immediate human reality for an arena of abstractions and extrapolations, hence ignoring altogether the complexities of actual experience. *The Bridge*, powerful in its preoccupation with images of violence and decay, has its only resolution in a posture of resistance based on extreme skepticism and scorn. If it is in fact the case that certain values and assumptions necessary to sustain any life worth living have their only integrity in the extent to which they are subscribed to by the human community, then this is a situation far too fragile to withstand the unhelpful vituperations of apocalyptic prophets, regardless of their persuasion. □

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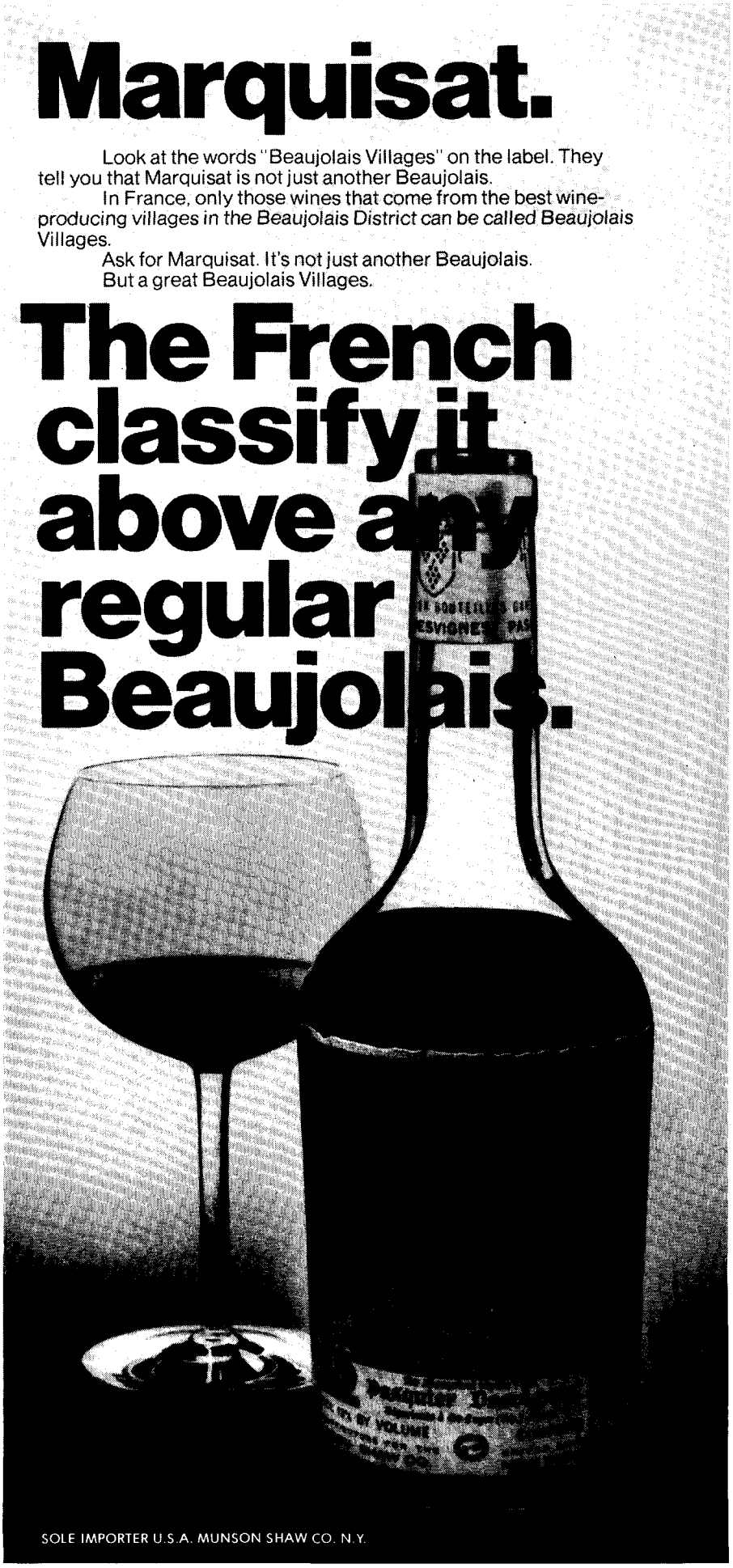
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Books in Brief

THE LAST ESCAPE: THE LAUNCHING OF THE LARGEST SECRET RESCUE MOVEMENT OF ALL TIMES
By Ruth Klüger and Peggy Mann, Doubleday, 576 pp., $9.95

This harrowing and altogether compelling tale is set in Europe at the beginning of World War II. It is the story of the attempted rescue of Europe's Jews by members of the Mossad, the secret organization of the Jewish settlement in Palestine. They brought out as many as they could in the illegal, rickety old ships; they did this because it was clear to the Mossad agents, if to no one else, that Europe's Jews were doomed to annihilation. That promise of doom was clear well before the Nazi invasion of Poland; it was in the reports of Adolf Eichmann, in the fate of the German Jews, in the sealed borders, which permitted no escape. This is the story of one who was prominent in getting the ships from the shores of Rumania to those of Palestine; it is a record of bribes, pleas, and the energy that it is given to despair to have sometimes. Ruth Klüger was young and beautiful, a fact that did not militate against her when she had to work her way to audiences with King Carol and enlist the aid of bankers, police chiefs, and railway dispatch men. The book caters rather heavily to this motif, but it is a small flaw. The first-person narrative achieves a sense of intimacy that is remarkable for its power to span the distance of thirty-three years, to bring the reader to the edge of his seat with its haste, its forecast of the tragedy to come. The Mossad agents were not believed when they related the Nazi plans to murder Europe's Jews; they had little money and not many friends. That they managed to make any rescues at all was the result of pure nerve and a foreknowledge so dark as to make it impossible not to try. They tried everything they knew, and that effort is recorded in this admirably tense book.

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THE MARRIED LOVERS
By Julius Horwitz
Dial Press, 202 pp., $6.95

A novel that brings news of how we live, Mr. Horwitz's work is set in a New York City hospital that is, apparently, a center for nervous breakdowns of the upper-middle-class type. Here, all the breakdowns are the result of sexual unhappiness in marriage, all the attempted suicides the result of failure in the marriage bed. The protagonist is a successful physician who comes home one evening only to receive from his wife, suddenly, a narrative of her infidelities, delivered with detail and considerable relish. The doctor's subsequent depression and his attempted suicide land him in the hospital, where it is given to him to hear other stories of marital-sexual despair. All fellow patients have attempted suicide; almost all are unregenerately hopeless. The main monologues are conducted by the doctor and his wife, a chillingly forthright lady. There are serious, knowing, psychologically correct things spoken in the monologues; there is, not infrequently, a cutting wit in Mr. Horwitz's dialogue. Why then is the novel so profoundly irritating? Undoubtedly because one recognizes Mr. Horwitz's intelligence, recognizes that it and his wit can avail nothing against the long, solemn speeches about emotional health and because one perceives that these speeches are the sum total of the novel's intentions. This is regrettable; for these are the sorts of monologues that, a century from now, will tell more about the pretensions of our age—the psychological virtuousness, the systematized "compassion," the tireless self-exploration—than half a library of film clips. The work has its moments, particularly when Mr. Horwitz permits his graphic eye to do the reporting, but these are consigned to a short life and infrequent appearances, which is not altogether surprising when one considers that there is nothing so overpowering as the virtue of a virtuous novel.

"They're always saying tomorrow belongs to the children, but who knows if there will be a tomorrow?"

•

A LIFE
By Wright Morris
Harper & Row, 160 pp., $5.95

Mr. Morris has always had a baroque impulse behind his plain-spoken style, and in this regard his latest novel is no different from the rest. It is the story of a tough old man's dying. The country he remembers, which seems to be dying with him, had had a primitive richness about it. Now it is cluttered with rusting car bodies and new-fashioned junk. A young boy, who was the man's companion, has run off to join some "hippies." Alone now, the old man wanders, sorting out the past, aware that he is traveling according to some plan not of his making. Along the way he meets a forbidding young Indian who kills him neatly, for his few possessions. It is all part of the grand design, this manner of the old man's dying by the hands of a young Indian brave. The Indian knows how to be quiet; he knows how to make a ceremonial death; he knows how to fashion a lethal weapon out of the top of a tin can. There is much that the Indian knows how to do, and apparently Mr. Morris is not inclined to leave any of it out. What begins as a moving, interesting novel is given over to shoddiness toward the end and to an all-too-familiar cast of mind. Cruelty is the ever-present companion to sentimentality; one goes where the other goes, and it is not altogether surprising that these two things should have ruined the novel in perfectly equal measure.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

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Trade Winds

A Service

The English poet Douglas Dunn's first book, *Terry Street*—about life in a big-city slum—was hailed with excitement when it came out in England a few years back. It was never published over here. Now Chilmark Press will do us a service when they bring out his second, *The Happier Life*, in late October. Here's a sampling:

THE HUNCHED

They will not leave me, the lives of other people.
I wear them near my eyes like spectacles.
Sullen magnates, hunched into chins and overcoats
In the back seats of their large cars;
Scholars, so conscientious, as if to escape
The things too real, the names too easily read,
Preferring language stuffed with difficulties;
And the children, furtive with their own parts;
The lonely glutton in the sunlit corner
Of an empty Chinese restaurant;
The coughing woman, leaning on a wall,
Her wedding-ring finger in her son's cold hand,
In her back the invisible arch of death.
What makes them laugh, who lives with them?
I stooped to lace a shoe, and they all came back,
Mysterious people without names or faces,
Whose lives I guess about, whose dangers tease.
And not one of them has anything at all to do with me.

Unlikely Couple

Simone de Beauvoir and Nelson Algren always seemed to me to be a most unlikely couple. Yet a couple they were and traveled together extensively; he wrote about her in a most ungallant fashion, which he continues to do in his new collection, *The Last Carousel*, out from Putnam's this month. I've always considered his *Man With the Golden Arm* one of the finest novels of our time, and you get flashes of that Algren in this collection of short stories, essays, travel pieces, and autobiography. This is largely lowlife in Chicago: pool hustlers, boxers, racetrack types. There is a swatch of autobiography about time spent working with a carnival. I like it when he has one of the carnies saying:

I'll tell you about Roosevelt; he's like the bottom of a double boiler—gets all worked up but don't know what's cookin'.

Advancing

I can't remember a time when we've had so many good first novels from women writers as we've had in the past two years. Now here's Eleanor Bergstein coming up with *Advancing Paul Newman* from Viking. Miss Bergstein knows whereof she speaks, for she "advanced" Paul Newman when he was stumping around the country for Eugene McCarthy. It is an intricately constructed novel about two girls, close friends, of the Vietnam generation—their love affairs, their travels, their interior struggles, all counterpointed with their being on the road for Paul.

Here's how Miss Bergstein describes a folk song nightclub:

It was difficult to talk, a succession of girls with long hair swishing over their guitars moved into the center of a hush, sang wondering songs, and returned to their tables where young men waited for them.

And in another instance, when one of the girls gets a job working over complicated contracts for a literary agent:

She was getting very good at things too boring to explain to anyone else.

Penultimate

Later this month Little, Brown will publish the eleventh, and penultimate, volume in Anthony Powell's *Dance to the Music of Time*. This doesn't match in quantity the twenty-seven novels in Jules Romains's cycle *Men of Good Will*, but it's still a pretty darn long book. The latest installment is called *Temporary Kings* and, in the author's estimate, now brings the number of characters in the cycle to 300. It can be read without reference to the earlier volumes, but expect to be puzzled now and again. The setting is Venice and London in 1958, and everything is frightfully upper-class English and witty. The English, as we know, sometimes surprise us with the way they say their names; so I've devised a bit of verse aid for handling Mr. Powell:

He's as English as a Dover sole—
He's Anthony—now get this—Powell.

Paper Pleasures

I frankly admit that I usually don't have the faintest idea what John Brockman is talking about. He is not, to coin a phrase, too deuced lucid. But he has a following, and we must assume that *they* understand, for here's his third book, *Afterwords*, subtitled *Explorations of the Mystical Limits of Contemporary Reality*, published by Anchor Books. Two hundred and eighty-nine statements, one to a page, about . . . umm . . . about, well, here's page 149:

Experience a minute. Experience an hour. Can you experience a minute and an hour together, simultaneously, at the same time? This is an important question to ask.

And page 171, all of it: "Facts smirk."

And 237:

Don't believe it. Don't believe anything I say.
There's nothing to say. I have nothing to say.
There's nothing to think about.

All right already.

WILLIAM COLE

"May I respectfully suggest to you assorted capitalists that you pursue your investments on your own time?"

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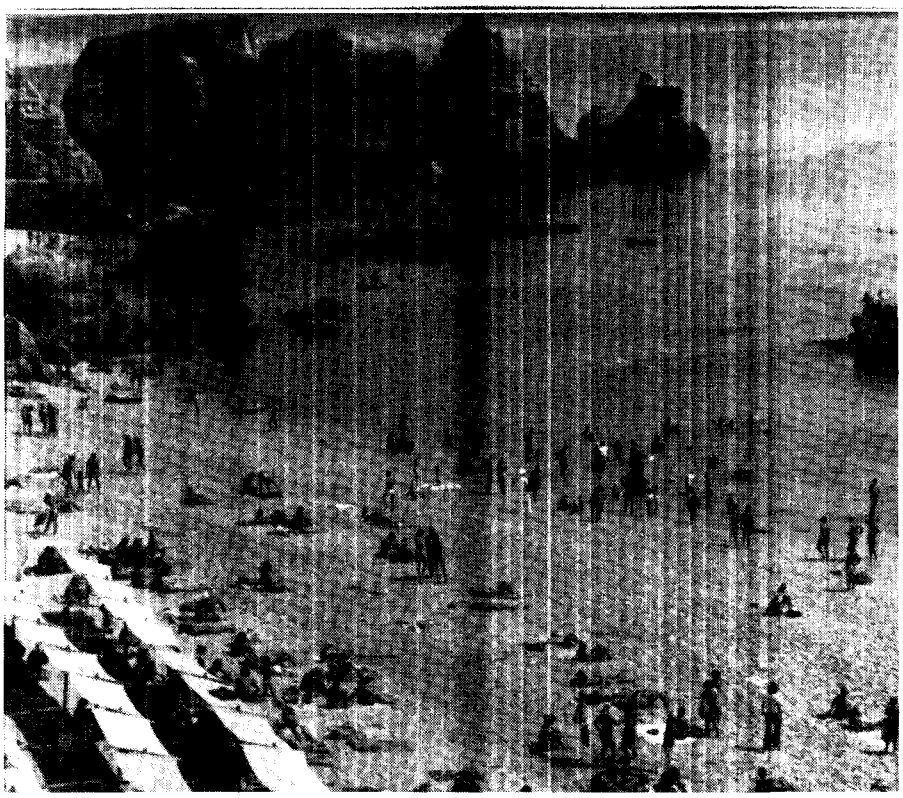

H.S.

On the Beach at Lagos—"South to the distant rim of man's explorations."

Sand, Sardines, and Slots

By Horace Sutton

Only a dozen years ago or so, when I first ventured south into the Algarve, a five-hour journey from Lisbon by car to the southern Atlantic shore of Portugal, there were no hotels and no tourists, only a few rooming houses, empty beaches that lay at the bottom of cliffs, colorful carts, postcard fishing villages, and lots of dreams about the morrow. In little more than a decade, Portugal has created an instant Riviera that has become the hottest stretch of property in Europe. Apartments, high-rise and low-, are already selling for as high as $100,000 per two-room pad. Five luxury hotels are open, and so are three golf courses. The rights for three casinos have already been assigned, and the first, a provisional one near the Penina Hotel, opened in May. Its Sala das Máquinas, a salon devoted exclusively to the culture of the slot machine, looks like a Vegas lobby on Saturday night. The roulette tables, French bank, and baccarat, attended by croupiers in lavender jackets, have more class. A second house of chance is ready to open at a vast complex of hotels, golf courses, and condominium apartments at Vilamoura, near Quarteira. Local politics being what they are, it must wait to take the customers' money until the third casino at Monte Gordo, convenient to the Spanish gamblers, who need only ford the river, puts the last wheel in place.

Albufeira is suggested as a sort of local Saint-Tropez, but then there are those who see it another way. The elegant moustache of an English friend fairly bristles at the mention of it. "Full of nasty creatures in long, unwashed hair," he says, twitching his hirsute lip curls as if he had just received a nosegay of week-old mackerel. To my eye, only the tiny, jammed streets gave me any waves of Saint-Tropez. There were no yachts and no trendy shops in sight; certainly no monokinied ladies.

A tunnel bored through rock leads to the beach, a mad expanse of bodies and square canopies emblazoned with Drink Sumol, a bottled orange belly wash. Signs advertise sardine-picnic excursions (day trips by boat with roasted sardines for lunch), and over it all hangs the Nivea balloon, a lifeguard's perch surmounted with a blue ball advertising skin cream. On the cobbles the customers are huddled under blue-and-yellow umbrellas. The bookshops sell paperback editions of *Qué Faz Correr Sammy?* by Budd Schulberg. Alfredo's, upstairs over a pastry shop, is considered a respectable place to eat. It could hardly be more colorful than Café Bailote, on a back street, where blue chairs that must pre-date the Moorish invasions are placed at tables on a yard-wide sidewalk, and the modern paintings on the wall and the enormous bar-side billiard table vie for one's attention.

There are, to be sure, fancier purlieus in the Algarve. The Hotel Penina at Montes de Alvor, five kilometers from Portimão, is a 206-room upholstered casern, with pool attached, plunked in the middle of twenty-seven golf holes that were designed by Henry Cotton, the onetime British champion. Mr. Cotton also manages the course; and since he cares for it as carefully as a grande dame with a curried poodle, the clubhouse is equipped with more Do and Don't signs than a county house of detention. That doesn't take away a whit from the splendid green of the course, which, since it occupies turf that was once a rice paddy, has no shortage of water.

Like most luxury resort hotels in Portugal, the Penina has a grill in addition to its formal dining room, and light lunches are served in the clubhouse bar. The pool is heated and enormous; but for a dip in the sea, guests will have to repair to the beach at the Alvor-Praia Hotel, equally deluxe, which surmounts the cliffs like a queen mother reviewing the troops from a dais. The Beach of the Three Brothers and the Alvor Beach are spread below. Just up the sands at Praia de Roche, the Hotel Algarve sits similarly located—200 rooms on the cliffs above a long expanse of sand. There is a pool on a greensward that has been cultivated on the hilltop. The dining room, like most of the hotels, leans to international-hotel cuisine—*paillard* of veal, boned breast of chicken, to mention two entrees—but there seems to be little beef shortage. T-bone steaks are $8 on the à la carte menu.

Hotels of this genre charge about $50 for a double room in summer, the prime season in the south, with two meals. The Penina, with no beach to call its own but plenty of winter golf, asks $30 in winter, $35 in summer, bed and breakfast for two.

TO BE PERFECTLY PROPER about it, the Algarve coastline is divided at Faro, the capital. The Sotavent, or leeward coast, runs from Faro eastward to the border with Spain, the Barlavento, or windward coast, west from Faro to Sagres

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and Cape Saint Vincent in the extreme southwest corner of Europe. Virtually all the development, so far, is on the windward coast, with much of the development concentrated between the two fishing towns of Portimão and Lagos and the rest strung along the beaches from Albufeira eastward to Faro.

The Algarve has had air service only since the 1960s, and while the runways are long enough to take almost any size airplane, the terminal is a hopelessly antiquated, desultory building, especially considering the grandiose plans the Portuguese government has for the province. It would be entirely possible to land large jets at Faro directly from the United States, which would prove both a convenience and, it would appear, an enormous boon to those who talk in terms of tourist cities, high-rise hotels, and great blocks of condominiums. As things stand, there is direct service to Faro from London and from some German cities. Those who arrive in Lisbon on Pan Am's speedy night flight across the Atlantic, perhaps having been spooned caviar in the upper-deck dining room and shown a movie afterward, will come to earth in the early hours, ready for a full day's (and perhaps a full night's) sleep in the Lisbon Ritz or in the handsome new Sheraton (pool on the roof). The alternative is to wait at Lisbon airport for the first morning flight to Faro, and then endure the ride to one's hotel, sometimes a considerable distance from the airport.

At any rate, once one is in the Algarve with all one's marbles collected, the towns of Lagos and Portimão are splendid places to explore. Portimão is more bustling and more eminently Portuguese, still caught up in fishing and canning both tuna and sardines rather than in feeding and storing tourists. One could book a table at the refined Sete Mares, but it's more fun to search out Escondidinho, a frantic little cubby-hole down a narrow back street, jammed with bottles, boxes of shrimp from Mozambique, hustling waiters, and now and then a tourist or two. Lobster here, or anywhere in Portugal, is enormously expensive, but it was a sobering reflection on how we spent the postwar years to discover that a young German couple at an adjoining table could afford the lobster while we could not. In our own case, piles of big grilled shrimp and a handsome grilled mullet came to $10, with drinks and tip, for four.

Lagos is more *raffiné*. It has known the British fleets since Nelson's time, and it is popular badinage to say that all the Britons know about Portugal is Lagos and port wine. Still, it has been a popular place from the time of the Great Discoveries (as they are called in Portugal), and a statue of Gil Eanes, one of Prince Henry's captains, is a reminder that from this protected harbor in 1434 Eanes sailed south past Cape Bojador, on the western edge of the Sahara, which until then had been the most distant rim of man's explorations.

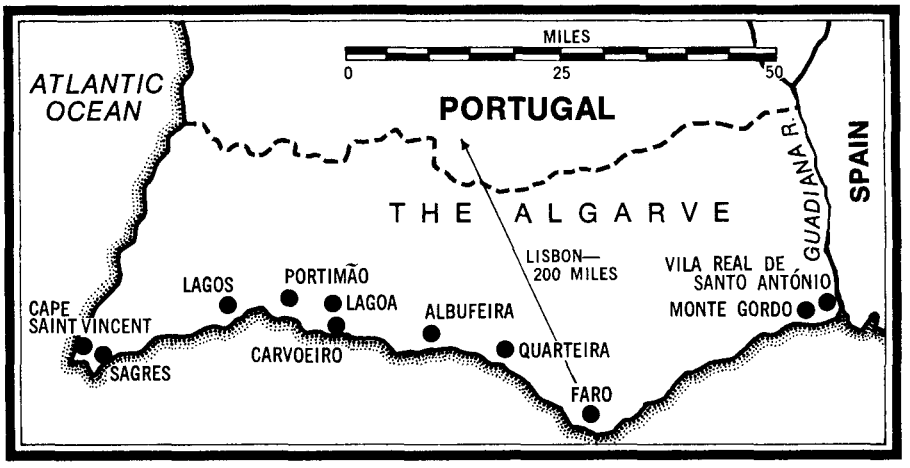
The streets are narrow and neat, with little clusters of café umbrellas grouped together in squares. There are plenty of English places. The Steak Bar, for one, will serve a breakfast of eggs, bacon, toast, and tea or coffee for $1 or, at later hours, a grilled steak for $4, which would seem to beat the price back home for that endangered species. I especially liked the Casa de São Gonçalo, a tiny *residencia* on the narrow rua Candido dos Reis, which has eleven rooms; a four-stool bar; and a hideaway garden set with ivy geraniums, bougainvillaea climbing up the walls, lily pads in the fountain pool, and wicker chairs just made for a quiet afternoon and a good book. About $11 to $13 for a double room, and breakfast only. Alpendre, nearby, is recommended by the management for other meals. It proved elaborate and empty for lunch and cost about $5 a person. Lagosteira, more of a bistro, was packed.

One can go down to the old walled dock in the afternoon to watch the fishing boats come in, the fishermen tossing their sardines in baskets to the waiting packers, who will ice and box the catch and send it for sale. Swimmers can use Meia Praia, where the Duna, right on the sands, offers a packaged arrangement: locker, swim in the pool or at the beach, and alfresco buffet lunch. The circular, glassed-in, air-conditioned restaurant, which gets two crossed knives and forks from *Michelin* (the inspectors are rather chintzy with ratings in Portugal), is open only at night.

INSTALLATIONS planned for the stretch of beach from Albufeira to Faro are sufficiently ambitious to contain a nation state of respectable size. Vilamoura, near the tiny settlement of Quarteira, only twenty minutes from the Faro airport, has sketched out a modest enclave of 4000 acres, for which it has vast schemes and some development already in place. The golf course is open, along with a clubhouse. So is a modest fifty-two-room hotel and some forty bungalows designed to give shelter to those who may decide to buy a villa (cost: about $60,000; they rent it for four years, and then you own it). The hotel rate for contemplators is modest enough: $30 a day for two, all meals, service, and taxes included (25 percent less after the summer). A 300-room hotel will emerge from the green precincts of Vilamoura golf club, but then a second course is being built closer to Quarteira.

A small Disneyland train will run down to Aldeia do Mar, the "village by the sea." Two 300-room fortresses—one Sheraton, one Holiday Inn—will guard the beach front, handy to the 1000-boat marina that is now being dredged. They'll all have the services of the new casino. Sir Charles Forte's London group operates the handsome Dona Filipa Hotel, nearby in the development known as the Vale do Lobo, the "valley of the wolves." It is handsome, if small —only 130 rooms—but the halls have

(Continued on page 56.)



Bob Pelletier

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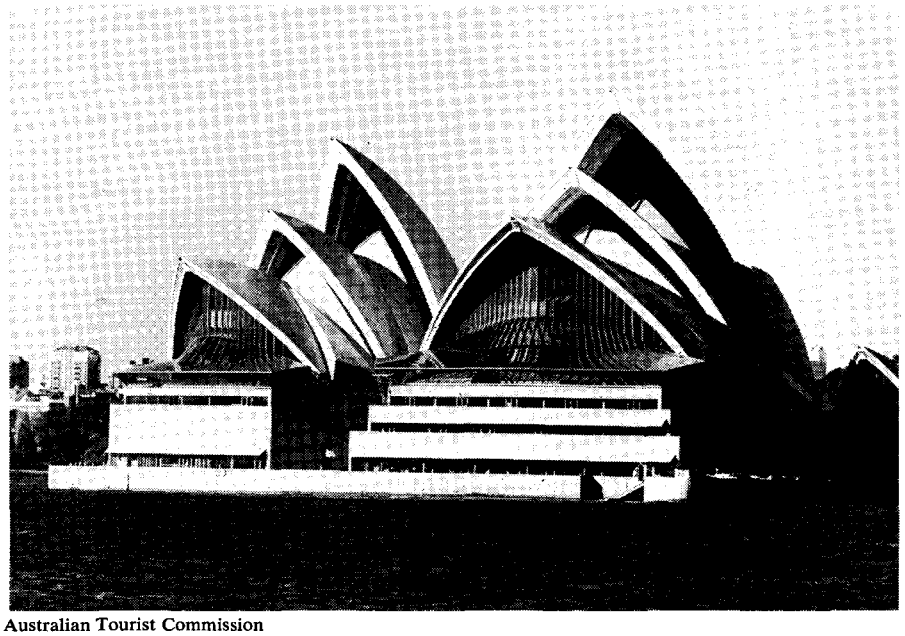
Sydney's Operatic Paradox



Australian Tourist Commission

Sydney Opera House—"Lofty in its flight of lines, . . . unequaled in its vistas."

By Irving Kolodin

Sydney, New South Wales

Spring came early this September to eastern Australia, the better to glorify the Sydney Opera House on the eve of its opening at month's end. Bathed in sun, it stands silent and secure on a point jutting into the harbor, white against blue water and bluer sky, as though it had been in the building for a hundred, rather than merely a dozen, years. In a way it has, for the vast, soaring shells and the gleaming tiles that encase them are as much a symbol of a people and a national pride as is the Eiffel Tower for France or Westminster Abbey for England.

Its construction cost, estimated at $100 million Australian, was raised by an unending series of lotteries, each with a winning pay-off of $200,000. But who can assess the cost in human pride to Jørn Utzon, the Danish architect whose design won the 1957 competition for a building on a site he had never visited? Guided only by photographs, Utzon nevertheless saw in Bennelong Point a splendid platform on which to erect a national symbol. It was his flight of fancy to imagine a broad-based understructure, or podium, that would support a floating mass surmounted by flaring "sails." The matching components were immediately, and properly, construed as a monumental tribute to the seafaring men who pioneered Australia's colonization from a beginning on Bennelong Point itself.

In the first wave of enthusiasm for Utzon's nautical concept, the urgent consideration had to be, How could this vision be translated into a buildable plan? Utzon's submission was basically a poetic statement. To make it scan in physical-grammatical terms of stress, balance, durability, and proportion was an almost insoluble engineering problem. The qualifying "almost" held the key to unlock the dilemma. But if a solution could be found, it would be found.

Through tedious years of trial and error, a way was developed to pre-form concrete segments that could be secured in place by the use of supporting cables. This was an adaptation of a bridge-building technique. But the last seven years of realization of the Sydney Opera House were engineered without Utzon. He withdrew from the project in 1966 with the request that his name not be identified with the building. He stated, "It is not I but the Sydney Opera House that created all the enormous difficulties."

This is a way of saying that the magnitude of the structure and the uses planned for it were beyond the control of those who had called it into being. Or it could express the paradox that while the physical plan cried out for realization, all sides were in agreement that some way must be found to build it. Yet when it became a matter not of how it would be built but of what it would be used for, factionalism raised its unlovely head.

FROM THE OUTSET, Utzon's magnificent scheme was keyed to the proposition that Sydney's musical-dramatic needs could best be served by a multipurpose hall seating 3000. It would have an ample stage for opera, a spacious pit, and an auditorium comparable in comfort and perhaps superior in sight lines to the Metropolitan in New York, the Colon in Buenos Aires, and other halls that set world standards.

Now, however, it is becoming apparent that the superhuman expenditure of time, skill, and money poured into the brilliant resolution of Utzon's external conception carried with it a gradual erosion of the internal purpose that motivated the project. A building of such dimensions represents a yearning for divinity, which man can only rationalize into existence coolly, objectively, stone by stone, element by element. But the priorities that enter into its utilization may all too often derive from purely human, subjective considerations in which ultimate values and farsighted purpose have only a secondary part.

Such is, all too evidently and unhappily, the case with the symbol of hope known worldwide as the Sydney Opera House. Serious objections to the plan on which it was conceived and the purposes for which it was designed were entered in 1965 by the Australian Broadcasting Commission. As underwriter and operator of the Sydney Symphony, ABC is also a prime user of the new facility (on the average of twice a week the year round). In spite of evidence to the contrary in San Francisco and in Buenos Aires, ABC was insistent that a multipurpose auditorium could not satisfy its requirements for symphony concerts. (Carnegie Hall, one

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of the great concert halls of the world, is known in some architectural circles as an opera theater without a stage house: It has the design of an opera auditorium and seats 3000 but doesn't have the space in which to fly scenery.) Because it commands enormous bureaucratic, as well as financial, influence, ABC was able to alter the utilization of space in Utzon's structure from a single, commodious auditorium seating 3000 (and an auxiliary drama theater for 1000) to a concert hall for 2700 and an opera theater with a capacity of 1550.

Of and by itself, this was not grossly unacceptable. Operatic quality need not be measured by the massiveness of scenery disposed or by the quantity of performers utilized. There is a broad, rewarding repertory that can be performed year round to an exacting standard in a theater seating 1550—or not much smaller than the Vienna State Opera or the National Opera Theater in Munich. There are those in Sydney and throughout Australia who hunger for a host of operatic experiences they have long been denied: much of Wagner, *Tristan* and "The Ring" particularly; Berg's *Wozzeck*; sundry works of Strauss other than *Der Rosenkavalier,* which has recently been presented. One sympathizes with them in their plight. But there still remains a major mission for the growing Australian Opera Company to fulfill on behalf of its rising generation of performers, conductors, and directors. One does not, after all, go to Glyndebourne for Verdi's *Aida.*

But one *does* go to Glyndebourne or to La Scala or to other operatic centers with the expectation of finding facilities suitable to the assigned mission. The opera theater in the Sydney structure is lavishly endowed with mechanical means for shifting scenery (and on two levels, because space for lateral movement is at a premium); it has an ample stage depth, and the lighting plant appears to be first class.

However, it is seriously hampered by an undersized orchestra pit, which is officially rated as suitable for seventy-five players. But the stage turntable is crowded into the available area in such a way that, in use, it pre-empts the space of about fifteen players. This would restrict the capacity of the pit to about sixty—or less than a tolerable minimum in most operas for which a revolving stage would serve a functional purpose.

In his original conception, Utzon provided for a stage with an opening that could be extended from forty-eight to sixty-four feet, according to the requirements of concert, opera, or ballet. In its amended form, the opening of the stage in the opera theater measures a skimpy thirty-eight feet. This is not merely a heavy penalty on the proper circulation of chorus, principals, ballet, etc., in middle-Verdi or the more ambitious Puccini works; it also forces a stage director to concentrate what he is doing in the center of the stage or risk the wrath of those at the sides who cannot see what is happening.

FOR THE NORTHERN VISITOR, Australia has long been a land of contradictions, where spring begins on September 1, the stellar constellations are in unfamiliar places, and even one's shadow falls in front rather than behind. But its greatest contradiction of all is undoubtedly the Sydney Opera House, a paragon in every respect but the one the name suggests.

It is, without question, one of the most beautiful public buildings in the world, lofty in its flight of lines, spacious in its surrounding foyers, unequaled in its vistas of water on three sides. It is hard to imagine the utilization of even all its facilities—small drama theater and room for chamber music, exposition area, concert hall, and opera theater—bringing in enough people to congest its broad staircases and ample foyers. Some of the choicest outdoor space has been reserved for the Harbour Restaurant, which offers continuous access and inexpensive service to the public, free of ticket purchase or admission charge.

Both the concert hall, in which Birgit Nilsson will raise the first human voice with the Sydney Symphony under the direction of Charles Mackerras, and the Opera Theater, in which Stephen Hall's Australian Opera Company is about to take the measure of Prokofiev's *War and Peace,* are richly finished in native birch. Indeed, the extensive use of wood in the interiors, generally, is a good omen for acoustical quality. Apart from its rehearsal and recording studios and its great areas of exhibition space, Sydney's structure by the sea will serve Australia for decades to come as a center for meetings, conferences, and international discussions. It will, in fact, provide Sydney with everything but the opera center its public craves and its title proclaims. □

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 8): general, enlarge, gleaner.

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Stop! Murder Us Not, Tonsured Rum Pots or, Niagara, O Roar Again

A Niagara of mail from this world's palindromists continues to roar over my desk, even after I have done what I take to be a full penance.

Dante makes the point in *The Divine Comedy* that the souls in purgatory decide for themselves when they have done penance enough to redeem their souls. They rise thereupon, impelled by their own inner impulse, and ascend, either to their next joyous penance (joyous because it purifies them) or to heaven itself.

Like the souls of purgatory, I felt I had achieved the purity of my soul once my last penance was done. I find, however, that I am not free to ascend. Thus it is that I know I am not in purgatory but in hell itself, damned to an eternal suffering that can achieve nothing.

Hell, as Dante points out to us, is the natural condition of the depraved. It is not *where* they are but *what* they are. Drop a damned soul anywhere and its own hell will form around it.

So for the palindromist. Let him dream that he is free. Then drop a spider by him and watch as he redips it. He is not happy in his mania—let that be confessed—and yet he is powerless. Like the addict, he hates the habit, but he craves the dose.

Then DRAW O COWARD. RISE TO VOTE, SIR. Is it not written in the Book itself that what must be, must be? SO MAY OBADIAH, EVEN IN NINEVEH, AID A BOY, AMOS. Then if we must sin, let us sin deep. Let us begin with the works of the most sinful.

The late James Thurber, an insomniac to the soul, once dreamed of a queen given to drinking beer and red rum because, she found, it did not keep her awake. He thereupon concocted: PIEL'S LAGER ON RED RUM DID MURDER NO REGAL SLEEP.

But hold on! "Sleip"? Sleips that pass in the night? Yet true evil will ever find its means. Michael Gartner, having cited this palindrome and having pointed out that it was a sleipshod bit of palindromizing, received a letter from an English reader who assured him there existed in England (and thereby closer to those regal sleeps) an excellent brew marketed as Peel's Lager (named for John Peel himself, if ye ken 'im).

J. A. Lindon, a prince of palindromy, is sometimes known as Ned, or Old Ned. When he saw Beryl's husband running around the yard naked, Ned asked if such antics were intended to annoy Beryl. He was answered—God save the mark: NAMED UNDENOMINATIONALLY REBEL, I RILE BERYL? LA, NO! I TAN. I'M, O NED, NUDE MAN! (A meditation for the damned: Is "undenominationally" the longest English word to be used successfully in a palindrome? If so, I move that J. A. Lindon be named chief of sinners. I move it anyway.)

Yet no man remains king forever, even among the depraved. Hope Rhinestine of Chicago sent in the following palindrome, claiming that it was created by her nephew, whom she did not identify: EVIL ASTRAY RAN I, LUCKLESS ELK; CULINARY ARTS ALIVE. The message is, to be sure, a bit schizoid, but what else is the mark of the truly demented palindromist? So long as there are such unknowns to challenge the masters, EVILS LIVE.

Certainly the most schizoid of all palindromes was published in *The New Yorker* (May 31, 1969) in a piece, titled "Ainmosni," by Roger Angell. It is a mad telegram sent from a mental hospital by a marine veteran of Iwo Jima:

> MARGE, LET DAM DOGS IN. AM ON SATIRE: VOW I AM CAIN. AM ON SPOT. AM A JAP SNIPER. RED RAW MURDER ON G.I.! IGNORE DRUM. (WARDER REPINS PAJAMA TOPS.) NO MANIAC, MA. IWO VERITAS: NO MAN IS GOD.—MAD TELEGRAM.

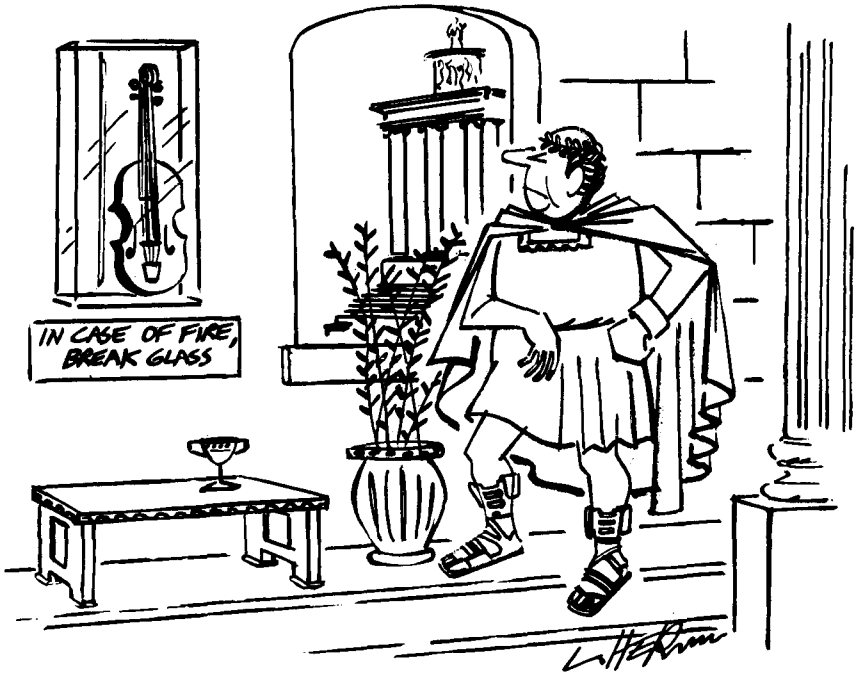
Another monster palindrome was cited, without attribution, by Michael Gartner in *The Wall Street Journal*, April 3, 1973. Still a bit schizoid, this one does labor toward a dream of making sense:

> T. ELIOT, TOP BARD, NOTES PUTRID TANG EMANATING. IS SAD. "I'D ASSIGN IT A NAME: 'GNAT DIRT UPSET ON DRAB POT TOILET.'"

In the nature of the beast, fellow sinners, length must pay a price. Hell itself is an eternal palindrome that reads forever the same backward, forward, or upside down. The sinner is left to choose only whether he will be monstrous in his sin, or pithy.

Paul F. Miller of Bryan, Ohio, a critic of journalistic style, wrote the following to Michael Gartner, a palindrome both monstrous and self-serving:

> COPYWRITERS SHOULD LEARN TO CONVEY THEIR IDEAS CLEARLY AND INCISIVELY WITHOUT USING GOBBLEDYGOOK



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THAT SOUNDS LIKE EKIL SDNUOS TAHT KOOGY DELBBOG GNISU TUOHTIW . . . well, et cetera, ending with SRETIRWY-POC.

Ed. note: Nor will I either blame the compositor if he pies that one or accept the blame for the inevitable typo. You get the idea: The damned know their own idiom.

I, for one, prefer the palindrome that pops up from our daily lives. So it is that a number of the incipient damned, passing through Yreka, California, have felt the first real tug of sinful temptation on spotting the sign that reads YREKA BAKERY. In the same vein there is the newsletter sent out by the San Diego Zoo, the title of which is ZOONOOZ. Try it backward, in the mirror, or upside down. It remains a palindrome from every angle.

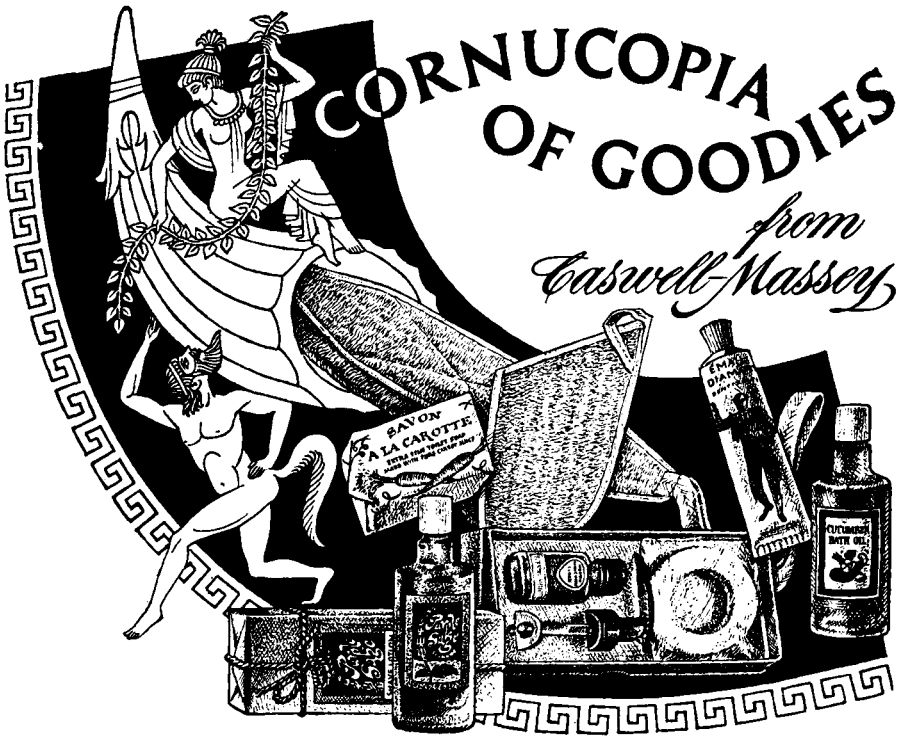
All such can be classified, I suppose, as "found palindromes."

There is also the palindrome that springs from the heart in anguish. Mike Knapp, a teacher at Champlain Valley Union High School, Hinesburg, Vermont, reports that his class read my first innocent column on palindromes and that one of his students, Bradford Williams, who sits next to Naomi Detenbeck, exclaimed (perhaps after having compared grades in a quiz): NOW I MOAN. NAOMI WON!

I don't know what red root is, but various subscribers (liars all, the dark promptings of my own soul tell me) report they have seen posted in the windows of them thar hills signs reading RED ROOT PUT UP TO ORDER. "Red root," one shameless sinner tells me and expects me to believe, "is a local idiom for beets." Marvelous are the ways of the sinful. I need only believe that people back there in the hills live by canning beets for one another but insist that orders for canning must be placed in advance. No, thank you, friends. Have I endured my own damnation only to be blind to the depravity of others?

Not that I mind small deceptions. They are elements of the game. So, Joseph Wigley of State College, Pennsylvania, noting a reduced demand for Communist paintings, writes an imaginary news report and headlines it: TRADERS SELL LESS RED ART. In the same impulse, he goes to the morgue and letters a crude sign on the refrigerator: STORE HERE ERE HE ROTS. So V. D. MacLaren of Storrs, Connecticut, sees a Frenchman with a Cockney accent grow drunk on German beer and remarks:

RENE SLIPS IN 'IS PILSENER □



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The Happiest Couple in the World

Ben and Sybil Outré are the happiest couple I've ever known. They met fourteen years ago and promptly fell in love. Their courtship was glorious, their romance unclouded. In seven months they were married—and ever since, they have been the joy and envy of everyone who knows them.

Ben is a reporter for the New York ———; Sybil is a designer for the ——— Mills. They have no children, which may account for the absence of wrinkles around their eyes and the presence of laugh lines around their mouths. All in all, which is about as far as I can go, Ben and Sibyl Outré are shining examples of the power and persistence of Love.

I'm telling you all this because when I recently lunched with Ben I could not help expressing my pleasure in knowing of a marriage so rare and felicitous. Ben smiled. Something about that smile disturbed me. "What does that mean?" I asked.

"What?"

"The Mona Lisa bit."

"Okay." Ben grinned. "Shall I tell you the real secret of our perfect marriage?"

"Your sex life is superb," I ventured.

"No. It *is* superb, but that's not the reason."

"You screw the tops back on toothpaste tubes, and Sybil doesn't wear curlers to bed."

"Naw."

"You let Sybil refurnish the apartment whenever she—"

"Heaven forfend."

I had exhausted my supply of real reasons for a Perfect Marriage. "I give up."

"Helmut Küchenpflammer," said Ben.

"Who?"

He leaned back and smiled evilly. "Dr. Küchenpflammer. He is a marriage counselor."

"*Don't* tell me," I told him, "that you and Sybil actually went to consult a—"

"It is he who made our marriage perfect."

"How?" I gulped.

"By recommending that we get a divorce."

There was no feather nearby for you to knock me over with. Cheerfully, Ben proceeded to tell me—I'll write it without quotation marks.

FOR THE FIRST eight wonderful years of marriage (said Ben), Sybil and I lived in utter bliss. We adored each other's humor, enjoyed each other's friends, threw parties that, I think you will agree, were as delightful as any in Manhattan.

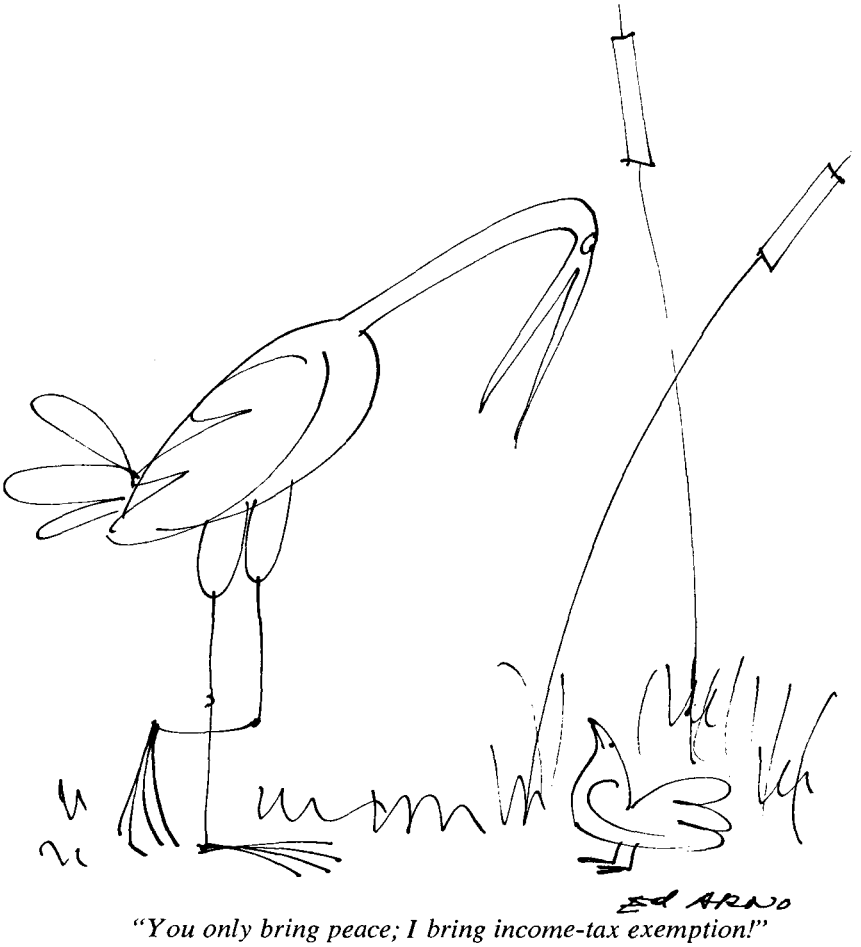
No couple ever got more out of New York. We had season tickets to the opera. We devoured the theater. We ate in superlative restaurants. Every Sunday morning we breakfasted on bagels and heavenly cream-cheese-and-lox. Sunday afternoons we walked in the park, or through Greenwich Village, or along the East River.

All this for eight long, precious years . . . Then—well, I suppose anything I say now would only be surface stuff (but think how much we live on surfaces). We started to get on each other's nerves. I'd snap at Sybil for interrupting my reveries, and she'd snap at me for not paying attention to hers. She found excuses for not going to Japanese movies, so I moodily went alone; I resisted meeting her at Parke-Bernet, so she testily went alone.

We'd bicker over everything: Why didn't I want to drive up to the Berkshires? Why didn't she want to go to Bermuda? Why didn't I wash my soup bowl instead of letting it soak in the sink? Why did she always take pencils from my desk? She wanted to walk briskly when I wanted to dawdle. She dieted when I wanted to gorge. We were simply rubbing each other's sensibilities raw.

It was Sybil who brought up the name of Dr. Küchenpflammer. I laughed—not at his name (my God, you have to admire a man who has not changed such a handle to "Cook"!), but at the idea of people like us traipsing to a marriage mechanic. "Absurd," I said. "Idiotic." And at two o'clock the next day I was sitting before him with Sybil.

We took turns cataloguing our griev-



"You only bring peace; I bring income-tax exemption!"

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ances. Dr. Küchenpflammer listened. He nodded.

He was not impressive, I must tell you. He just listened and nodded. He nodded to what I said, which pleased me, and he nodded to what Sybil said, which didn't.

After half an hour, Dr. Küchenpflammer took over. "I think I understand your problem." (He spoke without a shred of accent, it grieves me to report.) "I see three possible solutions. . . . First, and most obvious: Get a divorce."

"Oh, no," Sybil stammered.

"Hell no," I flushed.

"Very well. Solution Two: Remain married."

Sybil sputtered, "But we're not *happy* together!"

I fumed, "Our marriage *isn't working out!*"

She retorted, "He's wrapped up in his infantile needs!"

I declaimed, "She's so damned unreasonable!"

Dr. Küchenpflammer raised a minatory hand. "Which brings us to Solution Three: Get a divorce—but go right on living together."

After I located my voice I said icily, "*That* is a contradiction in terms!"

"Only if you are a slave to terminology," the doctor shrugged.

"But how can you expect me to divorce and then live with a man I love but can't *stand??*" cried Sybil.

"That goes double for me!" I thundered.

Dr. Küchenpflammer smiled, rather pityingly. "Consider. You get a divorce. Keep your present apartment. But rent another, smaller, much less comfortable place—to which either of you can go whenever you are furious with the other or need to storm out in righteous anger. You can, if you wish, call that refuge Achilles' Tent."

Sybil stammered, "But what *good* will that *do?*"

I growled, "What good will *that* do?"

Dr. Küchenpflammer raised both hands this time. "Loads and loads of good. The fact—unfortunate, but true—is that marriage kills romance. My Solution Three restores the latter by periodically 'terminating' the former. *Think* for a moment. The fact that you will no longer be married means that neither of you will feel you *own* the other. You will not be chained to marital duties—to submit, to surrender, to attack. Since you will not be married, you will pay more attention to each other, be more sensitive to the other's desires, more careful to step around emotional minefields. And because you will know you (or he, or she) can flee in a huff to Achilles' Tent, you will not wreck your relationship (as so many people do) by staying together only because there is no place to which either of you can conveniently escape!

"It is salubrious for a couple to separate periodically. In your case—well, the romantic streak in each of you is too powerful, which means it is too weak to endure the prolonged strains of life. Especially life in the United States, where we have all been deluded into thinking that since human behavior can be understood by experts, it *must* be understood by loved ones. It simply flabbergasts me to see how many husbands who can't understand Aesop expect their wives to act like Aristotle, and how many wives who can't do long division expect their husbands to understand menopausal depression."

"I am *years* away from the menopause!" Sybil glared.

"So am I!" snapped I.

"I just was trying to say something fresh about empathy." Dr. Küchenpflammer sighed. "Achilles' Tent is where each of you will find periodic respite from the voracity of your partner's demands. Whenever one of you walks out on the other, your pride will be fed, your face saved, your sense of justice fortified. And when you return from Achilles' Tent, romance will blossom and flourish anew—no matter which of you first finishes wallowing in noble remorse. Of course, you could *both* leave, and go to the refuge together"—he grinned—"but I told you it must be smaller and much less attractive than your common, beautiful, totally illicit home."

BEN OUTRE ended: "Well, buddy, we did just that."

You mean you and Sybil aren't *married*?!" I cried.

"We were divorced six years ago." Ben smiled. "And we have been happily married ever since."

If you ask me, that's the most intelligent statement about marriage I have heard in my whole life. In fact, I used Dr. Küchenpflammer's exact words, "Marriage kills romance!" as I put my wife on the plane to Reno.

P.S. "Find a crummy apartment!" my mate called, blowing me a kiss. □

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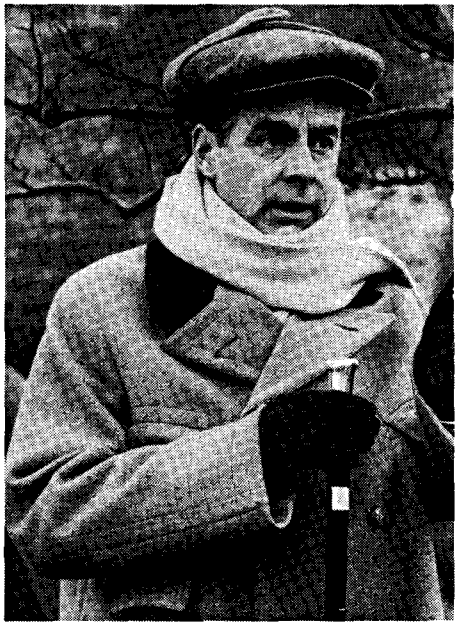
Television

Will You Take Breakfast in Bed, My Lord?

The above title may be enough to indicate that Masterpiece Theatre, the estimable British-produced series for PBS, is in a somewhat jocular mood this new fall season. It is a line that occurs in the first part of a five-episode mystery, based on Dorothy L. Sayer's "Clouds of Witness," which brings that elegant amateur private eye, Lord Peter Wimsey, to television—where, after a viewing of the first two episodes, I am convinced he belongs. Perhaps British lords still have butlers who offer them breakfast in bed, but this particular butler, Bunter by name, is straight out of British popular fiction of another time, the Twenties. Lord Peter Wimsey on this occasion declines the offer. He, in fact, bounds out of his luxurious bed, for he has much to do, nothing less than solve the murder of Capt. Denis Cathcart, affianced to Lady Mary Wimsey before his death, and free his own brother, the Duke of Denver. from responsibility for the crime.



Ian Carmichael as Lord Peter Wimsey—"To the manner born."

The time of Cathcart's death is stated precisely: 3:00 A.M. on October 13, 1928. And just as precise are the details of the period. When Wimsey first learns of Cathcart's murder, he is in Paris. This is not just another case; it is a family matter. And so he takes the speediest means of transportation available back to England, a plane. We are given a view of the flimsy one-motor antique against the clouds; then, inside the small cabin, Wimsey and a few other passengers are seen drinking champagne, somewhat unsteadily because of the jouncing ride

THE HUMOR is there throughout, quietly and unobtrusively, for after all, this is a mystery, and the interest and suspense depend on uncovering the facts that lead to the solution. I'd be inclined to say this is old-fashioned detective fiction if it weren't for the fact that, seen after the omnipresent diet of mayhem on commercial television, it seems so refreshing. My favorite television crime program has been "Columbo," but now I realize what I had been missing: the leisure to develop characters and story without flimsy tricks and transparent devices. Columbo, as played by Peter Falk, is a delightful creation. Wimsey, played by Ian Carmichael, is less dependent on the actor's mannerisms; he is, for one thing, to the manner born. His aplomb almost never deserts him, and when it does, the result is very funny. Carmichael is a first-rate actor of light comedy, and his choice for the role is a happy one.

But what also distinguishes the new series is the high-quality acting in all the roles. Some of the players come from British television; others have long distinguished themselves, as in the case of George Coulouris, seen as the crusty Mr. Grimethorpe. A good deal of care, often loving, has been taken with each of the characters. They may be types—in fact, the intent is to affectionately satirize some British upper-class foibles—but they are caught with precision.

Masterpiece Theatre has already had more than its share of success and has won a high reputation, but the new series will probably win a larger following because of the very nature of the material. "Clouds of Witness" begins at 9:00 P.M. on Sunday, October 7, and continues in weekly episodes to its conclusion. It is to be followed by another mystery series, this one in three parts, called "The Man Who Was Hunting Himself." Then Lord Peter Wimsey returns in a four-part dramatization of "The Unpleasantness at the Bellona Club." Each episode runs for an hour, with Alistair Cooke providing a hardly necessary introduction. For this is not merely good, or high-minded, television; it is superb television.

HOLLIS ALPERT

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENTAL AFFAIRS
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Man's Unquenchable Thirst

The extraordinary droughts that have occurred in so many parts of the world in recent years are focusing renewed attention on water and its relationship to health and economic development. For many countries the struggle to find enough water to survive is centuries old; for others, insufficiency or threatened shortage is a new experience. Some contrasting items:

- The high dam has become the pre-eminent symbol of development in the Third World—a source of energy for industry and of irrigation for agriculture. That it frequently has brought disease and has had an adverse impact on the environment is secondary.
- The United States now uses more than 250 billion gallons of water per day—a figure that is expected to double by the end of the century if that much water can be found. Each American uses four times his weight in water each day in his own home, and industry uses an equivalent amount.
- The dominant terrain of Africa is high, dry savanna, which may never have sufficient water for economic development. Even when desalinization becomes economical, it is unlikely to benefit the interior of Africa.
- A large part of Japan's energy requirements was once met by hydroelectric power. As the nation's economy has grown, that unexpandable source has become inconsequential compared with Japan's energy imports—mostly oil.
- Somalia does not have a single river with enough staying power to reach the sea. Even in a good year the rivers simply peter out in the desert.
- In the most "advanced" country in the world, over half of the U.S. water systems are officially judged to be deficient; 23 million Americans are drinking water believed to be substandard, and 8 million people are consuming water that the federal government calls "potentially dangerous."
- In the extreme south of Mauritania (the wettest part of the country), rainfall averages less than three inches a year. The United Nations Development Program has just allocated $1.5 million for the search for underground water.

Speaking of Water

Hopes of large-scale exploitation of low-sulphur coal in the northern plains states and the Southwest by on-site power generation and gasification of strip-mined coal may be frustrated by lack of water. A National Academy of Sciences study concludes that a system for obtaining water in the amounts needed would be more damaging to the environment than would the strip-mining itself.

The Interior Department's now-famed North Central Power Study projects 50,000 megawatts of additional electricity by 1980, just in a tri-state area. This increase would require 855,000 acre-feet of water a year. (An acre-foot is the equivalent of one acre covered with water to a depth of one foot.) If the hoped-for coal gasification and liquefaction plants are added, the study estimates that 26 million acre-feet of water will be needed annually. That is roughly 832 billion gallons, or between three and four times the amount of water used daily throughout the entire country. And this mind-boggling total does not include water essential for restoring the strip-mined land.

If a symbol for underdevelopment were to be chosen, it might be that figure so popular in travel folders—the woman with an earthen pot of water on her head, walking by the side of the road. One rarely stops to think of the millions of women who spend more than half the working day traveling ten miles or more from their homes to obtain just enough water for drinking and cooking. As populations grow and the pressure on land becomes more acute, the distances get longer. The human costs in energy and lack of hygiene are incalculable. For such villagers the day on which fresh, piped water reaches them is a moment of unsurpassed drama—a miracle that happens all too seldom.

But the most tragic aspect is that for perhaps a billion people, pure drinking water is not available. It is estimated that 500 million people suffer disabling diseases caused by unsafe water. Each year 5 million infants die of diarrheal diseases largely attributable to polluted water.

Emphasis on making medical care more widely available obscures the fact that this terrible toll cannot be significantly reduced by providing more doctors and nurses. Indeed, it has been charged that "every dollar spent in Latin America on doctors and hospitals costs 100 lives. Had each dollar been spent on providing safe drinking water, 100 lives could have been saved." If this be hyperbole, it is nonetheless an effective statement of the truth that investment in prevention of disease is many times more effective than investment in cure, especially in Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

Until recently, developing countries have been reluctant to spend money on providing safe water for their people; factories, airports, and the like have been more visible, more "modern," more in keeping with conventional concepts of development. Perhaps, too,

LEAD MAY BE GOOD IF YOU'RE A VEGETABLE

Several recent studies have suggested that fumes from leaded gasoline are less toxic than was previously believed. Now a German botanist has demonstrated that lead may be positively beneficial, at least to plants.

In the most dramatic of several series of experiments carried out over a period of years, Professor Ruge subjected a variety of plants to heavy doses of engine exhaust. In a greenhouse filled with lead-free fumes, the plants became wilted, stunted, and yellowed. But the plants in a greenhouse with gas fumes containing lead were generally in much better condition. At least 1000 different types of plants were tested in this way, and all reacted alike.

Presumably, the lead compounds act as catalysts to decontaminate the exhaust emissions. While stressing that he does not want to play down the damage that lead may cause to the environment, Professor Ruge thinks that before further steps are taken to ban lead in gasoline, we should find out how this catalytic process works and what contaminants are being reduced or removed.

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there was an element of cynicism about the people's capacity to learn or to practice sanitation, without which no costly engineering will avail. Nevertheless, in the eighty national reports submitted to the United Nations Conference on the Human Environment, water—though not necessarily drinking water alone—was the major concern of the largest number of countries. Since then a more apparent consensus has emerged—reflected in the deliberations of U.N. agencies, the comments of Third World leaders, and the attitudes of donor organizations—that the provision of pure water deserves the highest priority. It is a conviction that many people have held for a very long time. Could anything be more central to the quality of life?

A First-Rate Energy Handbook by CEQ

In thirty-six pages of text (plus twenty-two pages of quite technical appendices), the Council on Environmental Quality (CEQ) has produced the most concise and useful assessment of *Energy and the Environment* that we have seen, and it is available from the U.S. Government Printing Office (Washington, D. C., 20402) for eighty-five cents. The focus is on electric power and the inefficiency of its generation and use, but all energy sources are discussed and analyzed. Technical processes are simply described, methods of conservation are proposed, and the advantages and disadvantages of various energy systems are weighed. From the opening definition of the problem through to the closing chapter, "Evaluating Energy Policy Alternatives," one is made conscious of the environmental dimension and of the fact that many "solutions" merely transfer the burden of pollution or resource consumption from one medium to another. For the most part the CEQ abjures advocacy, though it does make some challengeable assertions—for example, that offshore superports, with transshipment of oil by pipeline to the shore, would reduce oil spillage in coastal waters by approximately 90 percent. But *Energy and the Environment* is mostly incontrovertible and informative—a solid basis for citizen discussion of policy alternatives.

The adjoining table, taken from the booklet, shows just how inefficient the production of electricity is. The CEQ contends that appreciable improvement in extraction and conversion are possible with present or imminent technology.

Global Report

Almaden, Spain—From this small town in central Spain comes most of the world's mercury for commercial and medical use. Its mines are the richest and oldest in the world, having been in continuous operation since Roman times. The Romans recognized the hazards and used slaves and criminals in the mines. In modern times the risk to miners is lessened by an extensive ventilating system that exhausts mercury vapor into the air.

With a grant from the National Science Foundation, Spain and the United States are undertaking a joint study of the effects of the mercury vapors on those who live nearby. The ultimate objective is to find out how much mercury in the atmosphere constitutes an "acceptable" level. The participants on the U.S. side are the University of Rochester and the Environmental Protection Agency. The Spanish equivalent of EPA and the University of Madrid represent Spain.

West Berlin—On pleasant summer weekends the noise level on the Wannsee and other lakes of this city is the same as that on the Kurfürstendamm, West Berlin's main street: 75 decibels. More than 20,000 powerboats—many from distant parts of Germany—ply the same waters used by swimmers, causing noise, water, and air pollution and posing no small threat to life and limb. One year there were 1200 accidents, including two fatalities. Moreover, the boatmen have been free to practice their sport twenty-four hours a day.

Led by the senator for public works, the local government has finally ruled that the first and third weekends of each month shall be reserved for bathers; in addition, the speedsters have been banished altogether between the hours of 9 P.M. and 5 A.M. The boat owners are fighting back, claiming that the regulations are illegal. This may be true, save for a historical oddity. Technically, the Allies still control the use of West Berlin waterways, and they are supporting the local government.

Washington—More than 1000 freshwater lakes in danger of eutrophication are in the process of being surveyed by the Environmental Protection Agency. A year is devoted to sampling, and currently EPA is receiving 2500 water samples per month from lakes and their tributaries in twenty-seven states east of the Mississippi. Even the National Guard has been called out to swell the army of water-sample collectors. The first reports are now beginning to appear, starting with Vermont. Recommended treatment for each lake's illness will follow.

Tokyo—In a recent six-month period, the price of residential land in Japan's six largest cities rose by an average of 23 percent. For 140 Japanese cities regularly surveyed by the Real Estate Research Institute, inflation in land prices was 16 percent. Since March 1955 the rate of increase in urban land prices has been eighteen times greater than that in wholesale prices. The urban land price index, based on a 1955 scale of 100, reached 2286 last March. The institute reports that speculative buying is now easing, partly as a result of an impending new tax on land ownership.

Boulder, Colorado—One of the great unknowns is what man and nature are doing to the global climate. Some scientists fear that by the time we learn the extent of the impact, man may have done irreparable harm, perhaps by raising—or lowering—the temperature of the atmosphere and the oceans by

EFFICIENCIES OF ELECTRIC ENERGY SYSTEMS

in Percent

SYSTEM	COMPONENT					TOTAL
	Extraction	*Processing*	*Transport*	*Conversion*	*Transmission*	
Coal: Deep-mined	56	92	98	38	91	18
Coal: Surface-mined	79	92	98	38	91	25
Oil: Onshore	30	88	98	38	91	10
Oil: Offshore	40	88	98	38	91	13
Natural Gas	73	97	95	38	91	24
Nuclear	95	57	100	31	91	16

Source: Council on Environmental Quality

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those few degrees that could mean catastrophe.

As a result of this concern, one of the rapidly growing fields of science is climate modeling. Nearly fifty of its practitioners met here for two weeks at the National Center for Atmospheric Research to discuss the many interacting processes and influences that determine the global climate and how they might be reduced to mathematical equations. With an accurate model and the help of a computer, it would be theoretically possible, for example, to forecast the effects of industrial pollution on climate many decades into the future, based on a range of assumptions about global rates of industrialization and pollution abatement.

The variables are so many and the interactions so complex, however, that success will not come soon. Meanwhile, as the meeting here recognized, much closer cooperation will be needed between atmospheric scientists and oceanographers.

Wilhelmshaven—Many are the uses that have been suggested—and as often abandoned—for worked-out salt mines. West Germany is perhaps the first country preparing to use them on a large scale for the storage of oil and gas.

Because all industrialized nations feel a new sense of vulnerability to the possibility of a cutoff of energy supplies, facilities for oil storage especially are at a premium. Bonn is spending about $100 million to convert the extensive salt mines along the North Sea coast of Lower Saxony into the country's largest storage facility for reserves of crude oil and natural gas. Thirty-three caverns will be more than enough for 10 million tons of crude oil and more than 21 million cubic feet of gas.

Other abandoned salt mines will be used to store compressed air for the generation of electricity at peak periods.

European Community Inches Forward

Just a year ago the Commission of the European Community (EC) was instructed to prepare a two-year program for Community action in the field of environment. It was to be ready for the consideration of the Council of Ministers at its mid-summer meeting.

The report of that meeting is now in, and it is so full of pious platitudes, vague statements of objectives, and virtuous principles as to be meaningless. The "action program" is stated in such general terms that it hardly deserves the name. The EC has dawdled away another twelve months with little to show for them.

Our Geneva correspondent writes:

"Since early 1971 the Eurocracy has sought authorization from the governments to get on with an environmental program that would capitalize on the community's comparative advantage over other international organizations: It can make enforceable rules. Governments' normal reluctance to move into a new area or to cede authority was in this case reinforced by a legal factor. The Treaty of Rome, which is the main part of the EC's 'constitution,' makes no mention of action in the environmental field. This lacuna gave an argument to the heel-draggers who wanted the EC to move slowly, if at all, into the area of environmental action. So stubborn is this issue that most of the council session was devoted, not to substantive questions, but to overcoming French procedural objections, despite the fact that two intergovernmental meetings in October 1972 (including one at the summit) had already agreed on most of the objectives.

"The work program endorsed by the Council of Ministers contains a long list of deadlines for the performance of various tasks, stretching out to the end of 1976. Again, they are only a slight elaboration of earlier agreements. Actions to be taken are divided into those aimed at reducing pollution and nuisances and those more broadly concerned with improving the environment. Immediate emphasis will be on the former category. Agreed assessments are to be made of the risks to human health from a specified list of pollutants. Standard pollution or nuisance levels are to be set and enforced. Concrete proposals by the commission are still lacking, but the council has agreed to act within nine months of receiving them. While the past record of slow decision making invites skepticism on this point, such an undertaking to improve performance is essential to any serious environmental program.

"The 'environmental improvement' part of the program is more ambitious, if even more general, as it deals with more complex topics: the use of agricultural policy as an instrument of environmental protection; problems of resource scarcity; land-use planning; environmental education; and improvement in the working environment. The Italian delegation in particular stressed this second part of the program on the grounds that it would provide compensation for the competitive disadvantage that Italian industry might suffer from the regulations imposed in the first category. This intra-community debate directly parallels the debate between rich and poor countries about the international distribution of the burden of environmental improvement.

"There are many battles ahead. One recurring theme is likely to be the conflict between the believers in harmonization, who broadly favor common standards throughout the Community, and those who—for pragmatic, geographic, or economic reasons—think that some variety in the regulatory framework would be no bad thing. Related to this is the unresolved question of what the EC's role will be in the fight against coastal and marine pollution."

Agadez, Niger—The innumerable airlifts that have been carrying food to the drought-struck regions of Africa have brought to light a fact of modest consequence but of considerable interest to airplane buffs. For many types of operations, such as landing on rough terrain without airstrips, the ancient, twin-engined DC-3 still has no equal. Two of the tough old warhorses are operating from here, flying three or more tons on each 100-mile flight to two isolated towns in the north. Although the DC-3 has been out of production for more than twenty years, well over 1000 DC-3s are still flying in various parts of the world—still cherished by their pilots and older passengers, still with their remarkable safety record intact.

Oslo—Although exploitation of the mineral resources of Antarctica does not appear imminent, serious exploration may start at any time—especially for oil in the continental shelf. Legal and scientific experts met here recently to discuss the implications of this possible development and how to deal with them. There was general agreement that the issue should be dealt with under the Antarctic Treaty rather than in the larger forum of the United Nations. The twelve signatories of the 1959 treaty include most of the nations technologically capable of exploiting Antarctica, as well as all nations with experience there. Legal experts at the meeting agreed that although the treaty already imposed obligations to avoid environmental damage, a process for preparing environmental impact studies should precede exploration and exploitation.

New York—Yet another poll has shown that the public is remarkably willing to incur some personal inconvenience and cost in order to achieve a better en-

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Princeton's Office of Population Research: A Prime Resource

In preparation for the World Population Conference next year, the second of four preparatory symposia was held in Honolulu in August. The topic was Population and the Family, and the problem for the U.N. organizers was to assemble the most expert and creative people in the field and at the same time to keep the group both small enough for useful discussion and sufficiently representative of the entire world. Twenty-seven participants were chosen from eighteen countries. Despite this broad geographic spread, three experts were chosen from a single institution—the Office of Population Research (OPR) at Princeton University—giving it a larger representation than any country (except the United States).

The OPR was founded at Princeton in 1935 at a time when there was no graduate teaching and negligible research in what has since come to be called demography. Since the early 1950s scores of overseas students have received one-year training courses at the OPR, and visiting research scholars in such fields as medicine, sociology, and statistics have been given formal training in demography. For more than thirty-five years, the OPR has published *Population Index*, a periodical bibliography that comprehends all the significant demographic literature in Western languages. Known for years to only a few, it now has 4300 subscribers.

But the OPR has made its greatest contribution in the field of research—perhaps unequaled in the world. Though immensely varied, research is conducted in four broad areas: international demography, U.S. fertility, methodological innovations, and problems associated with rapid population growth. Currently, one of the most comprehensive projects is a study of European fertility, analyzing demographic trends in more than 700 provinces throughout the Continent. A primary purpose is to find an explanation for the major decline in the European birthrate, which began around 1850. One of the preliminary conclusions of the study is that none of the theories developed to explain the phenomenon are universally valid. The project is headed by Ansley J. Coale, William Church Osborn Professor of Public Affairs, who is director of OPR.

The OPR's studies of U. S. fertility are unequaled, and much of the excellence of the recent report of the Commission on Population Growth and the American Future, chaired by John D. Rockefeller III, is attributable to Charles F. Westoff, associate director of the OPR, who served as executive director of the commission.

Westoff was one of those from Princeton invited to the U.N. symposium in Honolulu. Another was Irene B. Taeuber, a specialist in East Asian demography who is now engaged in the definitive study of China. With Frank W. Notestein, she was co-founder of the OPR and, like him, has now officially retired—with nineteen books bearing her name and more to come.

Like the more biologically and field-oriented Population Council *(World Environment Newsletter*, February 13, 1973), Princeton's Office of Population Research is a major global resource as preparations advance for the World Population Year and the World Population Conference in 1974.

Global Report (cont.)

vironment. Under the supervision of George Gallup, the Regional Plan Association polled 15,000 voters in a tri-state area (New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut) and found 68 percent willing to spend more of their income—either in taxes or in higher prices—to improve the public environment of the region.

To deal with the problem of solid waste, 88 percent favored reducing convenience packaging and other disposable consumer items; 82 percent supported a suggestion for a single governmental waste management agency to establish policies and enforce disposal standards for air, water, and land throughout the tri-state area.

Large majorities were in favor of policies to slow population growth in the region: 72 percent wanted additional measures to reduce the birth rate, and 64 percent supported the use of federal aid to attract jobs and people to other parts of the country.

Sydney—The New South Wales government reports that carbon monoxide levels in this city now exceed those of Los Angeles. Photochemical smog is almost as bad.

Books

Technology, Man, and the Environment by David Hamilton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 357 pp., $9.95.

To the best of our knowledge, this is the first treatment of this topic by a writer who combines an understanding and respect for technology and its processes with an appreciation of its limitations and the need to get control over it. The author was until recently industrial editor of the *New Scientist* (published in Britain). Much of the book is simply descriptive of particular technologies and their impact, in itself an eminently useful exercise. Though neither especially profound nor well written, the book nevertheless asks the right questions and offers intelligent, often controversial, answers.

The Development of Tropical Lands: Policy Issues in Latin America by Michael Nelson. Published for Resources for the Future, Inc., by the Johns Hopkins University Press, Baltimore, 306 pp., $12.50.

For all those interested in the debate over the benefits and liabilities of exploiting undeveloped lands in the tropics, this immensely informed and data-strewn book will reward study. Based largely on Latin American experience with colonization, road building, agriculture, and forestry, the author's conclusions are balanced but bearish. No ecological purist, Nelson has an understanding of the political realities, which makes his book all the more telling. A major work, but only for the serious student.

Modernizing Urban Land Policy, Marion Clawson, editor. Published for Resources for the Future, Inc., by the Johns Hopkins University Press, Baltimore, 248 pp., $11.00.

Eight scholarly papers presented at a Resources for the Future Forum in April 1972 speak to the critical issues of urban planning, though without offering very much in the way of innovation or reform. The editor's introduction provides a useful summary of each contribution and a guide to the reader.

World Directory of Environmental Organizations, Thaddeus C. Trzyna, editor. The Sierra Club in association with the Center for California Public Affairs, 155 pp., $7.50. (Address orders to 1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco, California 94104.)

Labeled with appropriate modesty "Preliminary Edition," this is a first laudable effort to identify national, international, non-governmental, regional, and local organizations on a global scale and, in many cases, to list officers and describe programs. Despite its admitted shortcomings, the volume is a much-needed source and a contribution to international communication.

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SR/W Education

October 9, 1973

Where Are We Today?

SR/W launches its new Education Supplement at a time when the nation's traditional faith in education is being challenged more fundamentally than ever before. Today some scholarly critics seem to be saying not only that the schools, as presently constituted, do not serve the purposes of democratic equality but also that they cannot.

The nation's almost mystical faith in the promise of its schools has been so strong over the years that education has often been called the American religion. But during the decade of the 1960s, the failure of a massive, nationwide attack on ignorance, poverty, and racism, focused in large part on the schools, precipitated a crisis of confidence. Perhaps for the first time in their history, Americans began to doubt that the goal of equal opportunity could be achieved through the schools. And as the new decade dawned, Charles Silberman's *Crisis in the Classroom*, with its meticulously documented indictment of the schools as mindless, joyless institutions, seemed to provide a fitting epitaph for the frustrations and disappointments of the 1960s.

During the succeeding years of the new decade, two major studies appeared that challenged directly many of the assumptions that Americans have always made about their schools. *On Equality of Educational Opportunity*, edited by Frederick Mosteller and Daniel P. Moynihan, brought together the findings of a three-year study of the controversial Coleman report, *Equality of Educational Opportunity*, by a Harvard University faculty seminar. Results of the seminar's study supported the broad conclusions of the original report—notably the close relationship of social-class background to educational achievement and the lack of influence on achievement of the school resources available, among many other findings. Clearly, the revolutionary conclusions of the original report, now reinforced by scholarly reanalysis of the data, strike at the very heart of many of our cherished beliefs about the schools.

The second study, *Inequality: A Reassessment of the Effect of Family and Schooling in America*, by Christopher Jencks and his colleagues at the Center for Educational Policy Research at Harvard, is equally provocative in its challenge to the conventional wisdom of the day. Based on a wide range of surveys, studies, and research findings, *Inequality* explores the relationship between educational opportunity and adult success. Among the basic conclusions are: Equalizing opportunity has little effect on adult equality; differences between schools have very little effect on what happens to students after they graduate from school; and there is no evidence that school reform can reduce cognitive inequality as measured by verbal-fluency tests, reading comprehension, or mathematical skill.

It is worth reviewing these two studies because they are going to exert powerful influence on the nation's thinking about education for the remainder of the decade. During the 1960s revisionist historians reanalyzed the role of the schools in the past in equalizing opportunity for the disadvantaged. They concluded that despite the mythology of the melting pot, the schools have never served well the overwhelming proportion of the poor and the dispossessed. Now we are told that they never will, at least in their present form.

Both of these studies have been seriously challenged by competent scholars, as they should be. Neither pretends to offer the final word on the enormously complex issues with which they deal. But, meanwhile, they will be used as the basis for reformulating educational policy when it suits the purpose of particular groups or individuals. Therefore, they should be put in perspective.

Both the Mosteller-Moynihan volume and the Jencks study have performed a unique service in helping to dispel some of the myths about what schooling can and cannot achieve. The education community has often claimed more than it was prepared to deliver, and a more realistic appraisal of what we can expect will be healthy. But we should be wary of accepting too easily or uncritically the findings of such studies. Social-science research does not deal in the certainties that characterize research in the natural sciences. There are too many variables when man and his institutions are the subject. We should remember, too, that the schools have always served many young people well; and given the imperatives of contemporary society, we have no option but to seek the means for making the schools more effective for all children.

JAMES CASS

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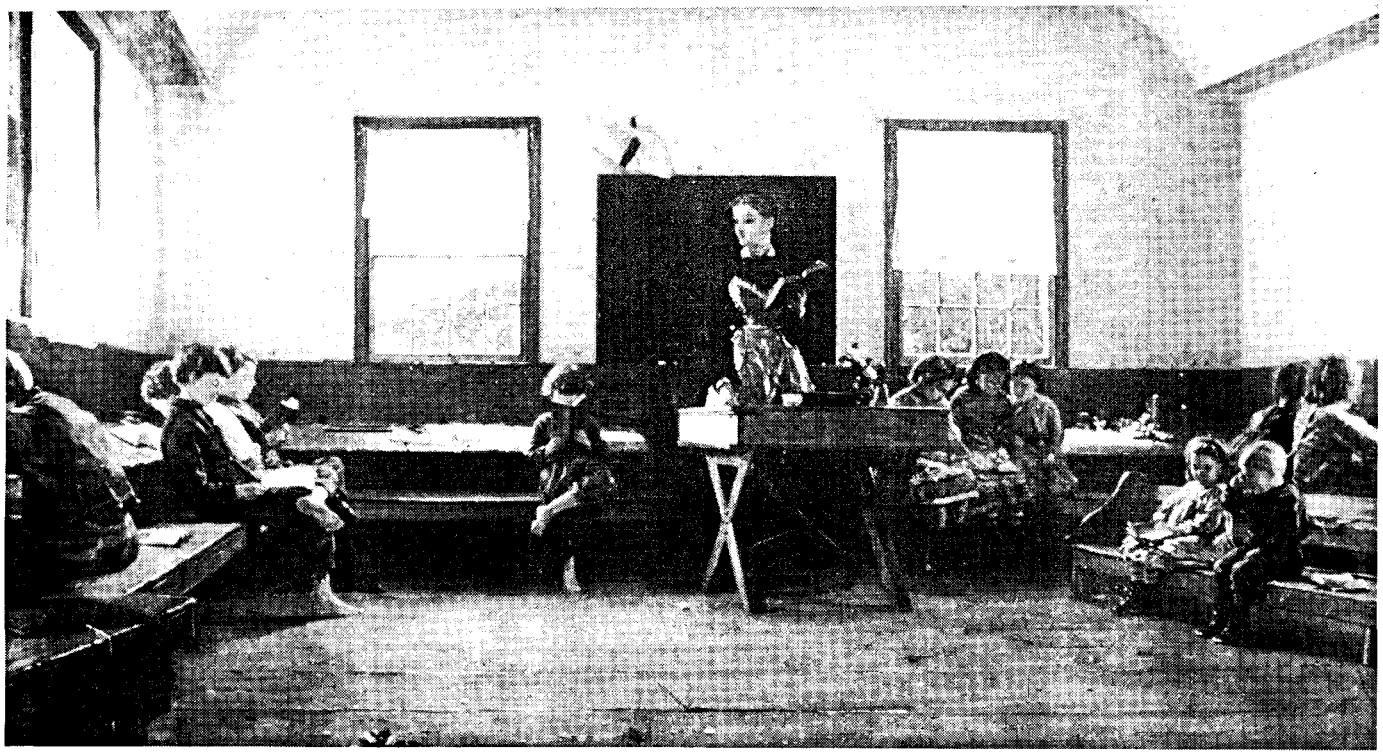

The Country School by Winslow Homer: Bettmann Archive

Financing Public Schools After "Rodriguez"

The Supreme Court has legalized a system that favors rich school districts. State legislatures and courts now must establish that "education—like voting—is a specially protected right."

By John E. Coons

The method of financing public schools in Texas, as in almost every other state, has resulted in a system of public education that can fairly be described as chaotic and unjust." These are the words of Justice Potter Stewart concurring, earlier this year, in a Supreme Court decision holding the Texas method constitutional—prolonging, in effect, the same chaos and injustice. Stewart's words are a fair measure of the current condition of public school financing, which allows, for example, a Texas child's education to be determined by how many oil wells or wealthy families there are in his school district.

In the last few years, school districts and courts have focused increasingly on the financial issue: How do states and localities provide public tax money for elementary and secondary schools? The first major legal decision on this issue for public schools appeared in August 1971, when the California Supreme Court—in *Serrano* v. *Priest*—ruled that state's system unconstitutional. The objection was that tax money for schools comes in part from a source—real property—whose per-pupil value varies radically from district to district. The court declared that the manner in which California relied on local property taxes was unconstitutional in that it "invidiously discriminates against the poor because it makes equality of a child's education a function of the wealth of his parents and neighbors." After *Serrano* a number of federal and state courts considered the same problem and, in general, reached the same conclusion until the U.S. Supreme Court decision, on March 21, in *San Antonio Independent School District* v. *Rodriguez*.

Demetrio P. Rodriguez is the son of a poor family in the Edgewood school district in San Antonio, a Mexican-American enclave where the streets are unpaved and the schools are underfinanced. Edgewood is one of about a dozen school districts within the San Antonio city limits; other districts have greater taxable resources that, in turn, produce greater spending for better schools. In December 1971 a three-judge federal panel in Texas adopted the *Serrano* rule of "fiscal neutrality"—that is, that the wealth of a child's school district did not determine how much money was spent on his public education. It declared the Texas system void. When the Supreme Court reversed this decision on March 3, it legitimized educational discrimination under the federal constitution.

There is little to gain by rearguing *Rodriguez* here; for this I commend the opinions of the dissenting justices—William J. Brennan, Jr., William O. Douglas, Thurgood Marshall, and Byron R. White. It is sufficient to stress that the movement to reform the financing of

John E. Coons is a law professor at the University of California at Berkeley and is an authority on school finance and equal opportunity.

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public education through federal litigation is stalled, for whatever length of time it will take to refashion the Supreme Court.

What may be less obvious is the effect of the Court's judicial abdication on state legislatures. The media have been eager to tell politicians that the next move is theirs and that decent citizens expect them promptly to dismantle their discriminatory laws and practices. Powell's opinion itself carries a litany of reminders that the Court is putting the responsibility for reforming public school spending in the state assemblies, where it ultimately belongs. Unfortunately, there is little reason to expect most state legislatures spontaneously to take up serious consideration of the problem.

The primary barrier to legislative change is woven into the fabric of the system. Average school districts have thought they had little to gain from reform unless they could be assured that total spending would be increased—and they had little confidence that it would be. They also feared that basic reforms in the way public money is raised or allocated would threaten local district control over school budgets. Indeed, protagonists such as James Conant have strongly supported centralization. In the conflict between rich and poor school districts, the crucial allegiance of the average districts was never in doubt; inevitably they blocked consideration of alternatives to the present system.

This political impotence of poor school districts is compounded in most states by a general correlation between the wealth of the district (taxable property per pupil) and the income of families living in it. It seemed plausible that the Supreme Court would be moved to restore the normal political process; its decision in fact represents the closing of legislative options.

THERE REMAINS some hope for change, and from an unexpected quarter—the state judiciaries. In the 1960s, litigants with complaints about governmental behavior usually steered clear of state courts. The view of xenophobic, unyielding southern judges was widely shared, and perhaps widely deserved. However, even during those years a significant number of state supreme courts were proving their willingness to take the complaints of the poor and the outcast as seriously as their more visible colleagues on the federal bench. Most prominent among these were the seven judges of the California Supreme Court, who frequently anticipated or even influenced the direction taken by national law under the Warren Supreme Court.

The California Supreme Court's opinion in *Serrano* rested largely on an analysis of what the court believed to be implied in the federal rules of equal protection under the Fourteenth Amendment. It noted, however, that the California law is "substantially the equivalent" on this point under the state constitutional guarantees of equal protection. *Rodriguez* overturned the *Serrano* decision—but only insofar as federal law is concerned. If a state constitution explicitly or implicitly embodies *Serrano*, the state judges can enforce it without fear of federal interference.

> "The primary issue is... school district poverty, which is the real governmental evil in the system—indeed it *is* the system."

THE GAME, THEN, is in the state courts, and the *Serrano* case itself will ultimately be heard again by the California Supreme Court. At the moment, the *Serrano* case is in a lower state court in Los Angeles, awaiting decision after a four-month trial. Questions of both law and fact are at issue.

Yet even if the California courts are formally independent, their outlook in *Serrano* may be affected in various ways by the outcome and opinion in *Rodriguez*. On the question of constitutional right, it is relevant that Justice Powell in his opinion on *Rodriguez* refused to treat education as a "fundamental interest." *Serrano* had been based on the opposite view, that education—like voting—was a specially protected right. Fortunately, the survival of this interpretation of California law does not depend on rejection of the *Rodriguez* rationale. In *Rodriguez* the U.S. Supreme Court majority emphasized the absence of any reference to education in the federal constitution. The California constitution, by contrast, includes specific references, stressing the importance of education to both individuals and society; indeed, it gives education first call on state revenue. Such provisions, common in state constitutions, appear to provide precisely the sources of fundamental right so distressingly absent at the federal level.

Powell's opinion suggests another difficulty: how to define the class of persons injured by the discrimination. The Supreme Court majority seems to be confused about whether those injured will be children from poor school districts, of low-income families, or from some combination of the two. It invokes the authority of social scientists and cites a student article in the *Yale Law Journal* to suggest that poor people may not necessarily live in poor school districts. It worries about whether the poor might actually be hurt by the *Serrano* rule.

THE YALE STUDY has already been challenged in a multistate analysis by economists Norton Grubb, of Berkeley, and Stephen Michaelson, of Harvard. They conclude that a test of either personal or school district wealth would support the plaintiffs' claims—that low-income families do tend to live in districts of low wealth. That issue, however, seems largely smoke. The number of welfare families in a school district is hardly the appropriate standard. If the personal wealth of district residents is legally relevant, the question is not whether a family can afford food and shelter but whether it can afford to buy education. If it cannot, it is education-poor and is compelled to accept whatever the local public schools can afford to offer. Such families may be conservatively defined as those below the median in income.

In any event, the primary issue is not the location of poor families, however their poverty is defined, but school district poverty, which is the real governmental evil in the system—indeed, it *is* the system. Such poverty cannot be shrugged off as the effect of human indolence, bad luck, or bad genes. It is not a natural development. The state could undo it tomorrow, because the state created it yesterday—and the state should be responsible. This was the conclusion specifically adopted by the California court in the first *Serrano* decision; I see no reason for the court to retreat from that view in the second decision that will result from the current *Serrano* litigation.

THE STATE JUDGES will also have to consider the relationship between money spent and the quality of public education. After all, if an extra $1000 per child spent in Beverly Hills buys no extra education for that affluent district, the poor school district should have no complaint. That notion, of course, seems fanciful, and the conduct of "lighthouse" school systems

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spending large amounts clearly refutes it. The cost/quality issue could be raised with apparent respectability in *Rodriguez* only because a few social scientists drew broad inferences from narrow evidence. Christopher Jencks, an education critic who wrote the influential *Inequality*, expressed some doubts about whether extra spending significantly raised children's test scores and subsequent adult incomes, and a majority on the Court was consequently ready to doubt whether increased spending actually affected the quality of education. The timing was perfect; Jencks's and related studies appeared early enough to influence the Supreme Court but too late for rebuttal by the plaintiffs.

In the state courts there will be opportunities to put the Jencks criticism in context. (It has already been rejected in a New Jersey Supreme Court decision in April.) the methodologies employed can be challenged. So can the extreme narrowness of the study; it amounts to little more than a comment about scores on standardized tests. Whatever these tests may suggest about the few phenomena measured, they tell nothing about the effect of money on those additional branches of education—skills, culture, science, languages, and the like—that fall outside the tests. American children do not ordinarily learn French, astronomy, dance, or the violin unless these subjects are available in school; and they are available in rich districts because they can be easily paid for.

Further, the state courts must be reminded that the task is not to test ability but to provide equal opportunity. Even before *Brown* v. *Board of Education* the Supreme Court rejected the notion that a student's right to fairness in the allocation of public resources depended on a prediction of what he could learn in school. The proper question concerned educational input—whether he was receiving his fair chance to learn; this is the minimal criterion of justice in any democratic society. In *Rodriguez* the well-publicized confusion of social scientists about "achievement" obscured the real problem, and it is to be hoped that the artful strumming on this lesser issue by the majority in *Rodriguez* will not perplex well-intentioned state judges.

AMERICANS generally prefer to retain substantial local control of school district budgets and administrations. In the *Rodriguez* appeal, the Texas counsel shrewdly employed this political fact, linking Rodriguez's claims by innuendo to the specter of centralized state government. Powell's opinion follows suit. Indeed, perhaps the least edifying feature of the *Rodriguez* decision is Powell's effort to pose as the champion of local control. The opposite is closer to the truth, as Powell, a former school board member, has ample reason to know. The Texas school system, like most others, offers spending discretion for rich districts alone; the poor scarcely manage enough dollars to meet mandatory state standards. For them, all "control" comes from the state capital. Yet in Powell's hands the mythology of localism emerges unscathed and rejuvenated—a piece of rich-district propaganda now given reality by the Court.

The irony is that, had the majority of the Supreme Court justices been concerned about promoting local control, the *Rodriguez* case would have presented them with a unique opportunity. The *Serrano* advocacy of "fiscal neutrality" had been successful in other courts precisely because it recognized local control as a valid choice of the state. It protects district autonomy, insisting only that it be extended to all districts on the same economic terms. Legislatively this can be achieved through "district power equalizing," a scheme producing districts that are equal in economic capacity. The spending level in each district would thus depend not upon its own wealth but upon the willingness of local voters to bear taxes for schools. Unlike the present system, this plan gives greater spending power to those districts that try harder—bear higher tax rates—instead of to those that are rich.

> "For most states the inevitable effect of *Rodriguez* is legislative paralysis—for which we may thank five justices on the U.S. Supreme Court."

It should be obvious that power equalizing and the *Serrano* decision are not socialistic devices, as many of their opponents contend. Power equalizing is an institutional form of the Protestant ethic—effort rewarded. It would provide in fact what Gov. Ronald Reagan imagines to be the principal virtue of the present system. Commenting on *Rodriguez*, Reagan said: "If some community, by their own vote, wants to dig down and shell out for something they think is important to their community and schools, they should be able to do that." Under power equalizing, digging and shelling would be a choice for all districts on fair terms.

A DECISION from the trial court in the *Serrano* case is expected this fall, and the principle is likely to survive. A similar case is awaiting decision in the Supreme Court of the State of Washington. Meanwhile, decisions invalidating school finance systems on various theories have been reached in supreme courts in Wyoming, New Jersey, and Michigan (the latter is under reconsideration), and in a trial court in Kansas.

The New Jersey decision handed down in April is likely to be the first to put a legislature under the pressure of a final, unappealable judicial order. It will now be possible to test the common assertion that changes in school financing will be relatively easy to achieve once the court has spoken. *Serrano* optimists believe that judicial intervention will have the effect of automatically enlisting the political strength of districts of average wealth on the side of poorer districts, because of fear that legislative inaction would permit the system to fall into discord and confusion. These formerly indifferent districts would have little to gain but a good deal to lose if the court is forced to fight with the legislature. The intrusion of the court also provides a welcome opportunity to sympathetic but politically vulnerable legislators to support reform and "blame" it on the courts.

Recent experience in Kansas and Florida is consistent with this view. In Kansas, where reform had previously met repeated legislative defeat, the decision of the state trial court invalidating the system was promptly accepted by the friendly state attorney general as the authoritative interpretation of the state constitution. No appeal was taken. Legislative debate on the issue thereafter was sprinkled liberally with references to the decision and the consequent legislative duty to reform the system. In April the Kansas legislature passed a bill by an overwhelming majority establishing a power-equalizing system within hailing distance of fiscal neutrality. In Florida the state supreme court created a similar opportunity to change school funding methods with a decision concerning not schools but tax inequities. In June the Florida legislature created a flawless power-equalizing apparatus that was

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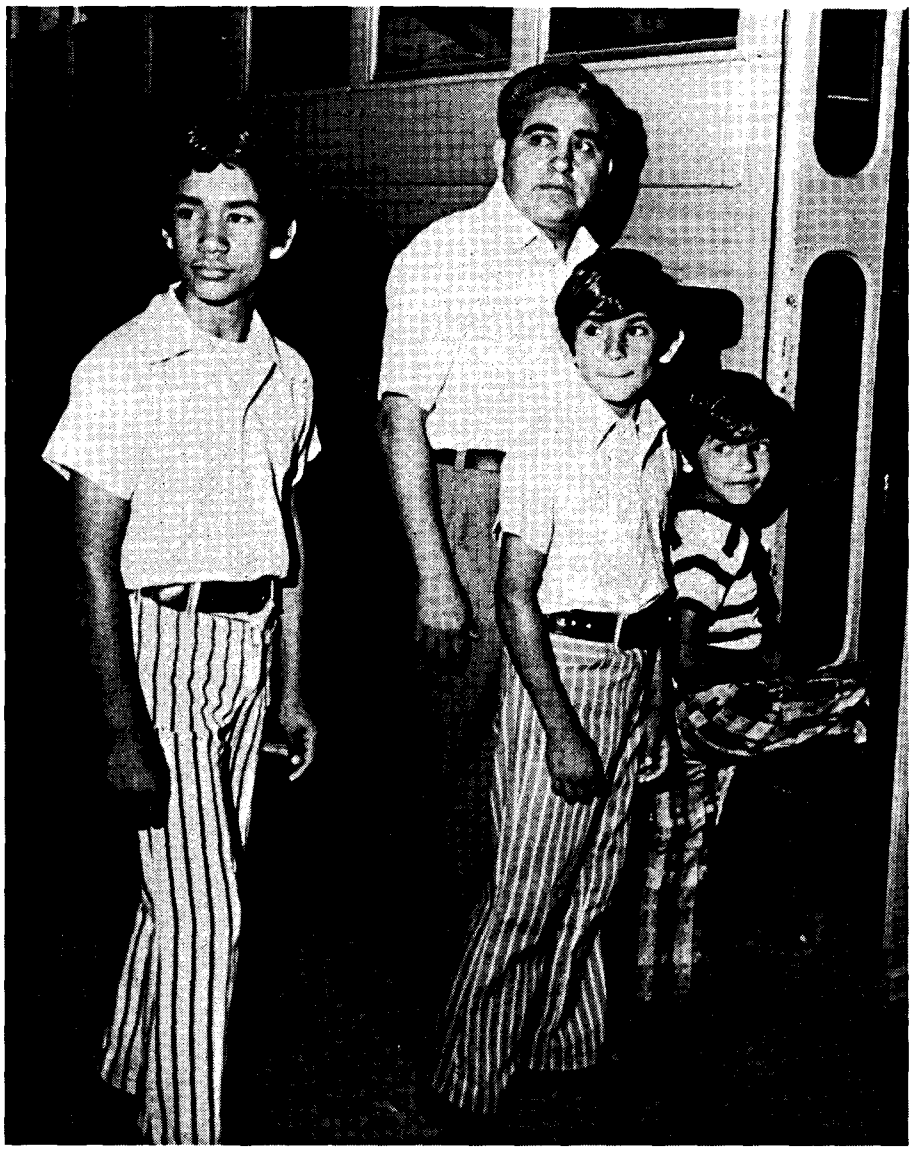

Photographs: Express Publishing Co.

The Rodriguez family—Victims of a "chaotic and unjust public school system."

Protesting against "educational discrimination legitimized under the Constitution."

signed into law by Gov. Reubin Askew. A similar development appears imminent in Michigan.

The New Jersey case, *Robinson* v. *Cahill,* is instructive for another reason: The decision relies not on the state equal protection clause but upon a provision of the state constitution guaranteeing a "thorough and efficient" system of education. The rule adopted is at this point ambiguous and probably different from the *Serrano* formula. The lesson to be derived is that courts operating under different constitutions can be expected to vary in the precise outcome but to share a common outrage at the discrimination embodied in their state systems.

THE PROSPECT OF Michigan, California, New Jersey, and two or three other states' embarking upon basic reform in this manner is highly significant. The rejection of fiscal discrimination for 20 percent of our national population and its replacement by a variety of fair taxing and spending structures would be a powerful example for the rest of the nation. Such a change in political attitude could be further assisted by the recent conclusion of the Urban Institute that, contrary to popular belief, the degree of local administrative and curricular freedom appears to be independent of the proportion of state funds available. And if California and the other states now involved in litigation couple general reform with the provision of funds for special urban needs, programs for gifted and disadvantaged students, vouchers, school stamps, and similar innovations, political support in the rest of the states may expand to the point of making meaningful reform possible without further judicial intervention.

Regrettably, for most states the realistic political prospect is different. What patriarchies like Texas can expect is further debasement of both public education and the political process. In Austin there will be much talk of reform; complicated new state-aid formulas will be adopted; politicians will announce the end of fiscal discrimination. On close inspection of the formulas, however, the rich districts will be seen to have retained the highest spending power and the lowest taxes. Another layer of cynicism will enshroud the processes of state government. For most states the inevitable effect of *Rodriguez* is legislative paralysis—for which we may thank five justices on the U.S. Supreme Court dedicated to protecting legislative discretion. □

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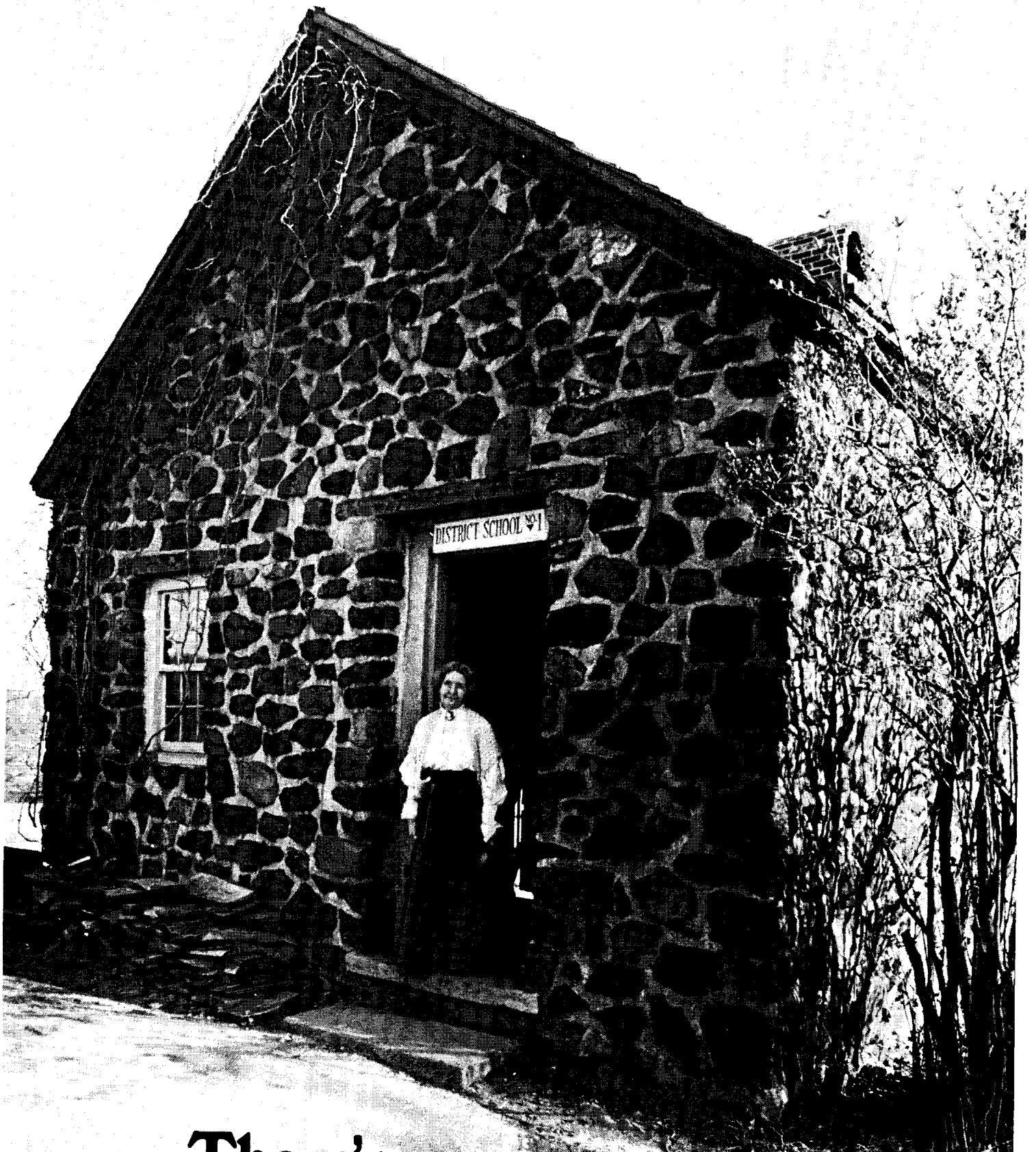

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Education

Brazil's Domestic Peace Corps

Thousands of university seniors today participate in training and work programs in the country's remote wastelands and rain forests.

By Fay Haussman

Brasília

University students in developing countries are an elite group, aware that they are being trained for positions of leadership in the professions, in business, and in government. Traditionally, they have been far removed from the poverty, ignorance, and disease that afflict many of their countrymen. But Brazil is breaking with that elitist tradition with two unusual training-and-work programs that send final-year university students into the drought-plagued wastelands of the country's northeast and into the malaria-infested rain forests of the vast Amazon River Valley. There the students learn at first hand about the massive economic and social problems that beset their land and, at the same time, provide badly needed professional manpower in a growing effort to overcome those problems.

The first of the two programs was launched in 1966. At that time the rector of the Federal University of Rio Grande do Norte (UFRN) in Natal organized the Rural Center for University Training and Community Action to give university students practical experience and to provide social and educational services for the poor rural population. Known as CRUTAC, the acronym for its Brazilian name, the *Centro Rural Universitário de Treinamento e Ação Comunitária*, the new program was designed to serve the university's own back yard—an area of some 2000 square miles inhabited by 170,000 people—in the poverty-stricken state of Rio Grande do Norte.

In contrast, Projeto Rondon (named after the Brazilian explorer Cândido Mariano da Silva Rondon) places at the service of communities hundreds of miles distant in the primitive reaches of the Amazon Basin the expertise and resources of a dozen universities located in the rich and populous southeast. The *projeto* began in July 1967, when three Rio de Janeiro University professors took a group of thirty final-year students in engineering, medicine, geology, and topography to work for a month in the interior where a new highway was being cut through Amazonia's tropical jungle.

Projeto Rondon was an immediate success. The returning students were enthusiastic. They had treated more than 1500 malaria cases, cleared the bush, saved the life of a child in an emergency operation, helped build bridges, and given hundreds of simple lessons in basic health. They were captivated by the spirit of heroic adventure as well as by the sense of civic service that pervaded the program. And the public was equally enthusiastic. At a time when university students were sharply attacking the military regime, the *projeto* offered an area in which activists could cooperate with the government. Two programs each year were organized during the vacation period, and since 1967 nearly 40,000 volunteers have worked in Projeto Rondon.

Paradoxically, the program's rapid development was spurred in part by its immediately visible limitations. It was conceived as a series of short-term, intermittent activities, and its benefits were sporadic. Student projects and research had to be dropped at the end of thirty days and, aside from the basic medical treatment provided, they were usually unfinished. And the local people who accepted help so eagerly felt doubly abandoned when the students left after so short a time. The program did prove, however, that with intensive university preparation students could provide useful services and help retrain local people in the isolated communities of the interior in the basic skills of health, agriculture, engineering, and so forth.

As a result, Projeto Rondon spawned more than a dozen permanent, university-directed campus outposts, called *campi avançados*, in Amazonia. (Several others are now being developed.) The *campi* are manned year round by rotating groups of faculty and students who stay for thirty days and receive academic credit for the experience. Typically, there is a maximum of twenty-five in each group, which is composed of professional teams (usually one professor and two students) in each of several professional fields. All students are volunteers; faculty members are "invited" to participate, and they usually accept.

A typical *campus avançado* is located in the small tropical township of Porto Velho, close to the Bolivian border, 1900 miles and half a continent away from its parent institution, the Federal University of Rio Grande do Sul, in Brazil's southernmost state. Porto Velho is the capital of the territory of Rondonia and the western staging point of the Transamazonia Highway, which cuts across the continent from the Atlantic coast westward to Brazil's borders with Bolivia and Peru. Rondonia has a largely nomadic population of 120,000, which is scattered over 94,000 square miles of tropical rain forest—an area roughly equal to that of West Germany. The objectives are to upgrade the schooling of the territory's 27,000 school-age children; to encourage their parents to supplement the local starchy diet of black beans and rice with fish, vegetables, and fruit that are plentiful in the region; and to train the people in basic health.

A recent group at the Campus Avançado de Rondonia consisted of the campus director, twelve final-year students of medicine, dentistry, nursing, teaching, veterinary medicine, and agronomy, one professor in each of the disciplines, and a penologist who was sent at the request of the territorial government to make a survey of the region's penal system. The professional teams work at different places in the sprawling, colonial-style town—at the Childcare Center, the normal school, the small dental center, and other areas. But the most respected of the teams are the veterinarians and agronomists, who instruct their local colleagues in the modern skills of animal and plant culture. For this is a prime cattle-breeding area, and it will soon receive part of a 300,000-head herd that is now slowly chomping its way north through the endless stretches of the Mato Grosso.

Although all of the *campi avançados* are motivated by essentially the same principles, the focus of their activity de-

Fay Haussman is a free-lance writer who has lived in Brazil.

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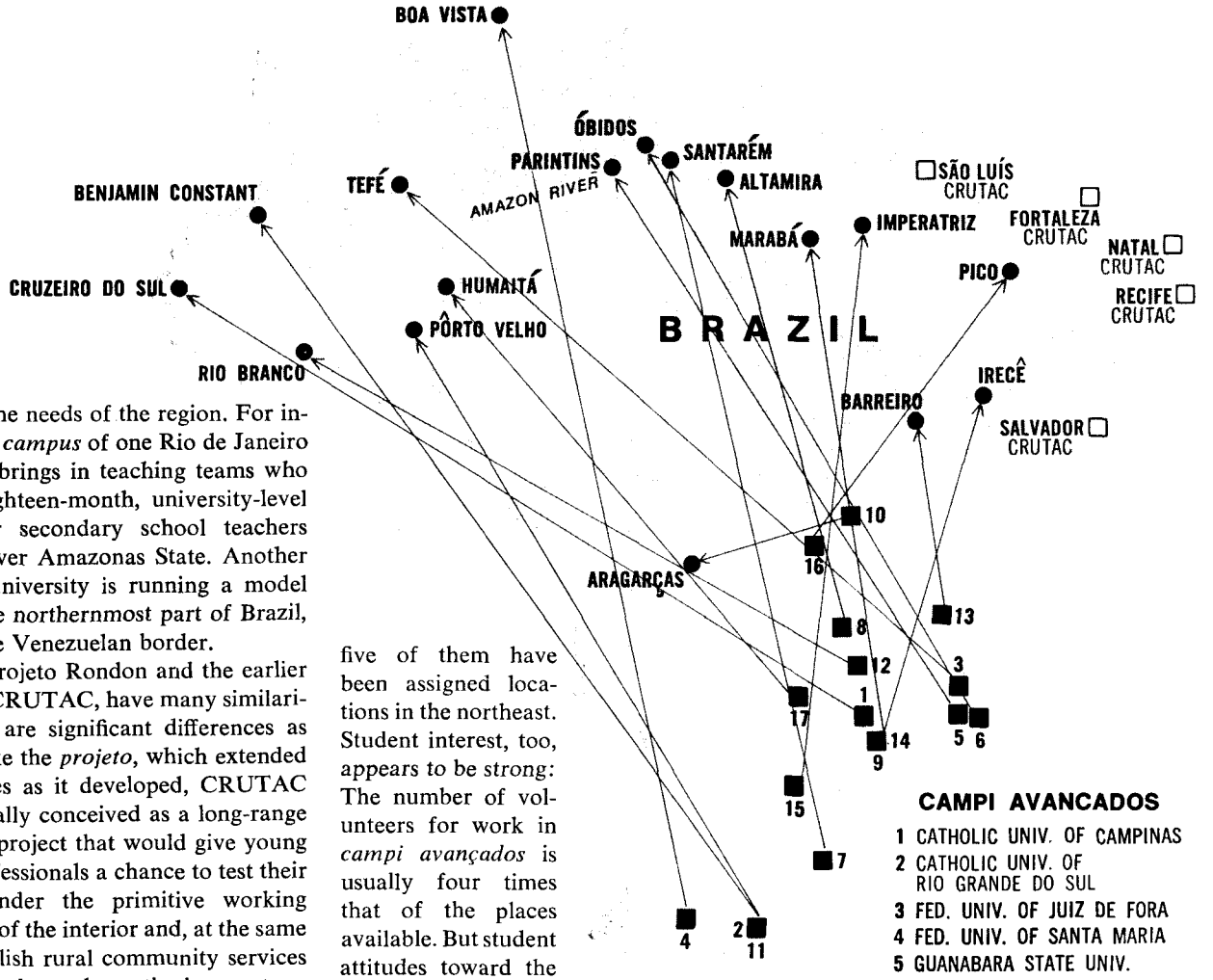

CAMPI AVANCADOS

1 CATHOLIC UNIV. OF CAMPINAS
2 CATHOLIC UNIV. OF RIO GRANDE DO SUL
3 FED. UNIV. OF JUIZ DE FORA
4 FED. UNIV. OF SANTA MARIA
5 GUANABARA STATE UNIV.
6 FED. UNIV. OF RIO DE JANEIRO
7 FED. UNIV. OF SANTA CATARINA
8 UNITED FACULTIES OF UBERABA
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14 MACKENZIE UNIV.
15 FED. UNIV. OF PARANÁ
16 UNIV. OF GOIÁS
17 UNITED FACULTIES OF BAURU

pends on the needs of the region. For instance, the *campus* of one Rio de Janeiro university brings in teaching teams who give an eighteen-month, university-level course for secondary school teachers from all over Amazonas State. Another southern university is running a model farm in the northernmost part of Brazil, close to the Venezuelan border.

While Projeto Rondon and the earlier program, CRUTAC, have many similarities, there are significant differences as well. Unlike the *projeto,* which extended its purposes as it developed, CRUTAC was originally conceived as a long-range university project that would give young future professionals a chance to test their abilities under the primitive working conditions of the interior and, at the same time, establish rural community services in an orderly and continuing system. Training and work periods have now become an integral part of the final-year program for students at UFRN and, for medical students, count as part of their internship. CRUTAC differs also in the interdisciplinary nature of its activities. Engineers have found that they need the help of lawyers with their projects, and the lawyers, in turn, may need the advice of social workers in preparing an address on the legal treatment of minors. Thus, multiprofessional teams of doctors, dentists, social workers, engineers, teachers, and lawyers often work together on the region's many problems.

Although it is still too early to make any final judgment on CRUTAC or Projeto Rondon, interest among Brazilian universities remains high. A second CRUTAC was launched in 1969 by the University of Pernambuco, and four other northeastern universities are currently organizing programs. Fourteen southern universities have applied for facilities to install *campi avançados,* and five of them have been assigned locations in the northeast. Student interest, too, appears to be strong: The number of volunteers for work in *campi avançados* is usually four times that of the places available. But student attitudes toward the programs tend to be realistically matter-of-fact. The experience provides a break in the usual university routine; it is an adventure, but a lot of work piles up that has to be done on return. One girl captured the mood of many when she said, "You know, we aren't terribly social-minded. We are also not very nationalistic or idealistic. I can't say that I feel much like anything except a member of the human race." And three medical students only recently returned from CRUTAC declared that they had completed their assignment only because it had been compulsory. They had been swamped by demands for the most routine examinations and had little time for the far more interesting activities of preventive treatment or research. And they also felt they had not been prepared for the demands made upon them; so they had recommended that a special course in "community medicine" be included in future university curricula.

A detached observer who views these varied programs must have different responses to them. But, perhaps, the first is that the students' down-to-earth attitudes, combined with their demonstrated interest in the programs, may keep them both realistic and successful. And the second is that they offer, potentially, splendid models for universities elsewhere in the Third World. □

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Education

Educating the Future Physician

People entering medical schools today are selected according to "scales weighted excessively toward non-humanistic aptitudes."

By E. Grey Dimond

Who should be allowed to study medicine?

There is good evidence in medical education literature to suggest that the actual selection process that decides who gets into medical school has been weighted too heavily toward scientific ability to the detriment of humanistic qualities. The simple truth is that one cannot get into medical school, cannot prosper in medical school, or cannot achieve academic recognition on the basis of his or her compassion, devotion to people, desire to serve, stability, ethics, honesty, or commitment.

But society *needs* individuals who will accept the label "physician" and will commit themselves to a life of "support" of their fellow man through medical, surgical, and psychological measures. This goal has not been fully met, and in part the reason is that we have not used the full range of values in selecting who should be given the privilege of becoming a physician. To a great extent the error has been in the fact that the medical faculty was science- and technology-oriented. The neophyte allowed in the system was selected by scales that were weighted excessively toward non-humanistic aptitudes.

If we need more socially oriented, people-oriented personality types in medical school, why don't we simply use the right psychological tests to find such candidates?

Testing for the medical student and future doctor needs to be much broader than simply finding warmhearted candidates. In fact, the ability of such testing even to decide who is warmhearted is more restricted than humanistically inclined scientists would like to admit. How does one quantify the qualities of compassion, integrity, and stability?

E. Grey Dimond is a doctor of medicine and provost for the health sciences at the University of Missouri.

How does one do this at the *beginning* of a career, with essentially no track record to go by? The truth is that such testing is indeed elusive and variable in performance. However, the situation will improve if the selection committees will but admit that such values should be analyzed and encouraged.

As always, there will be those, both on the medical faculty and among the public (now referred to, digestively, as health consumers), who will overinterpret this recommendation. We need compassion, integrity, stability, yes—but combined with obvious ability to handle the scientific scholarship that is equally necessary for the practice of safe medicine. Goodheartedness is not enough, integrity not enough, stability not enough, scientific aptitude not enough; tomorrow's doctors must have a balanced, multivalued approach if they are to meet society's medical needs.

"Society will turn to the physician as a dependable, stable, available counselor."

Society will turn to the physician as a dependable, stable, available counselor who is adequately prepared to be useful in handling the tensions and realities of the years ahead. This dependable, stable, available professional will be the resource that combines the willingness to listen, the availability of confidential, personal, private advice, and the huge resources of a valuable, life-saving scientific knowledge.

Below is a listing of anxiety-producing problems that we are already seeing and experiencing. Since these problems will be with us between now and the year 2000, it seems clear that society will have to generate a "support" individual who can serve as a steady ally, a therapist for troubled people, a lifeguard for the swimmer in the troubled seas of our time. This list is essentially a recitation of mankind's agenda for the next thirty years.

A. Birth control
B. Genetic manipulation
C. Euthanasia
D. Environmental pollution
E. Physical disuse
F. Nourishment
G. Psychological trauma
H. Narcotics
I. Alcohol
J. Venereal disease
K. Highway trauma
L. Murder
M. Suicide
N. Boredom, both from leisure and age
O. Sex
P. Divorce
Q. Juvenile delinquency
R. Prison reform
S. Mental deficiency
T. Neurosis
U. Psychosis
V. Transplantation
W. Resuscitation

Look at the above list of changing issues and circumstances; note the constant involvement of health and medical science in such issues. Think of the decreasing influence of organized religion and the recognized faults of the penal and parole concepts of law. Whether or not the physician seeks the task, he will in the years ahead be forced into a larger role—that of science and morals counselor to society.

Technological knowledge now involves issues of life and death, issues that are the quality *and* quantity of life. The physician must be the people's advocate and confidant in these critical years. Technical and scientific skill alone will not provide us with the special individuals we need to act as our personal, confidential, trusted agents.

Society turns to three variations of counselor: the churchman, the lawyer, and the physician. In these last decades of this century, Western society has been sick with issues that need moral and legal resolution. These solutions will be the result of the checks and balances of our complex society, but there will be a decisive medical-science factor involved in most. Equally, the individual citizen, threading his personal way, will seek advice that requires medical-science knowledge, technical skill, psychological sensitivity, moral and ethical proportion, confidentiality, and compassion. The challenge is to produce men and women of this order. □

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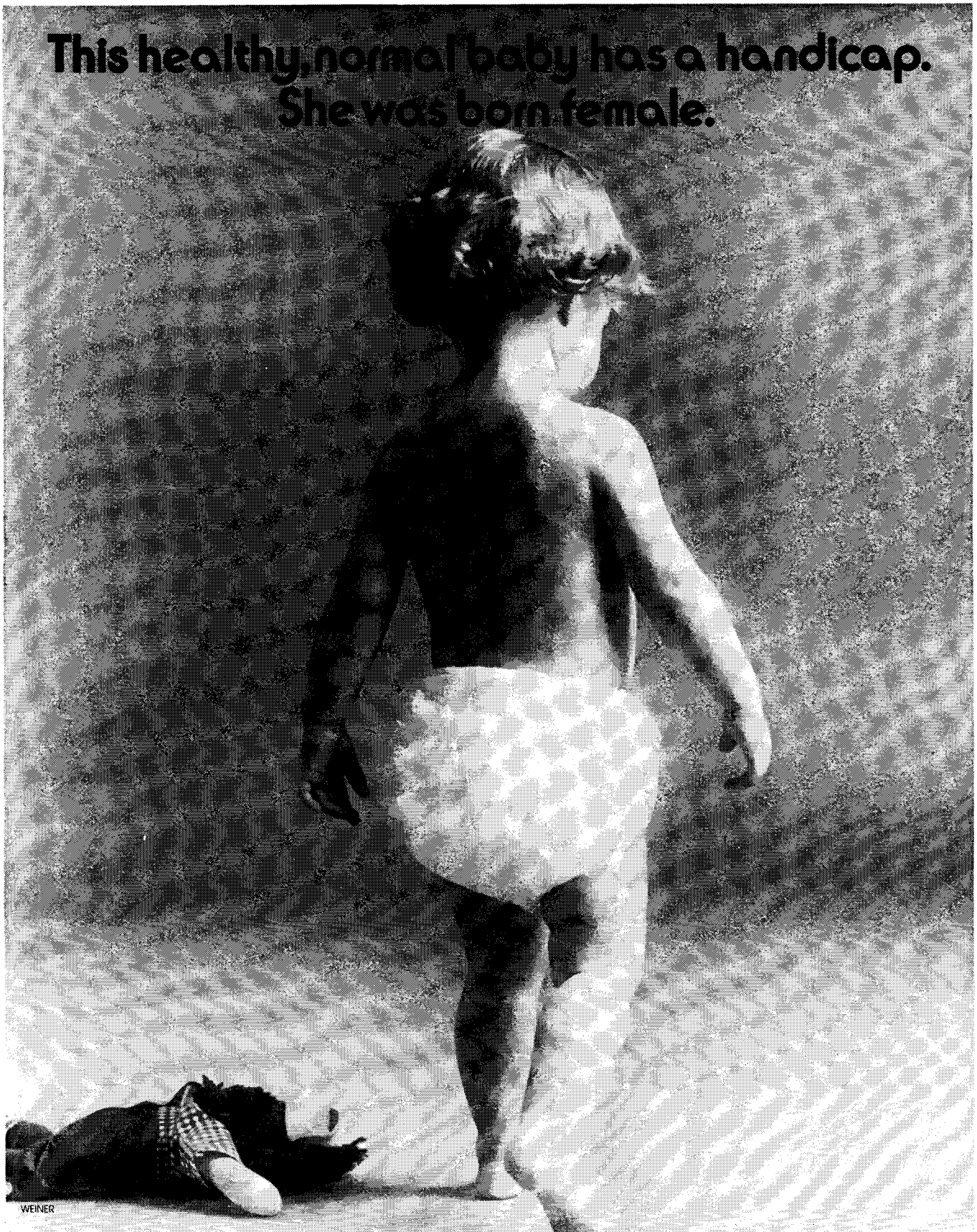
This healthy, normal baby has a handicap. She was born female.



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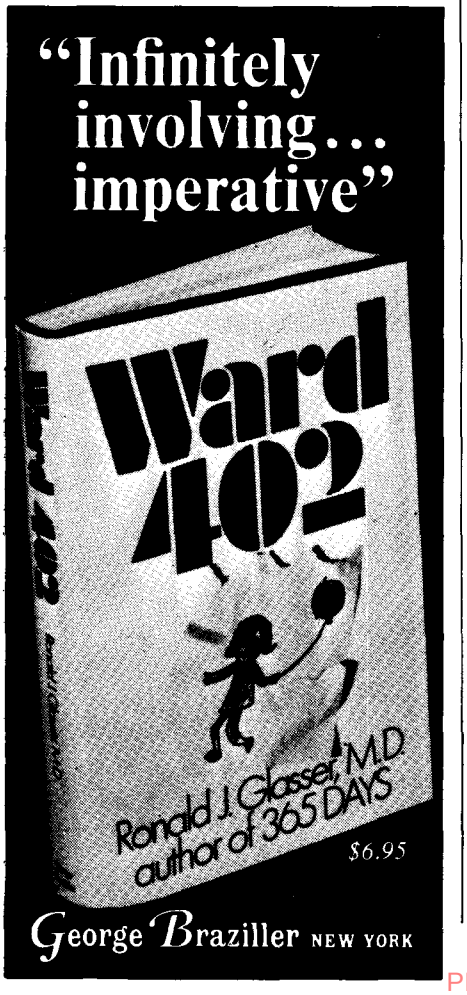

George Braziller NEW YORK

Light Refractions

Bunkinta

I got a very nice letter from S. J. Tress, "a teacher of English" in Brooklyn. Tress didn't specify whether he or she is Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Ms. That's not what I want to write about, but Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Ms. Tress did bring up something that set my mental juices flowing happily, and I want to give him or her credit. One of today's gravest problems is whether or not to refer to a woman as "him" or even as a part of "mankind" and risk being a sexist pig or whether to assume that "a teacher of English" is a woman and risk being a sexist pig if she *is* a woman or a mentally retarded bigot if he is a man. Anyway, I'm grateful to S. J. Tress for the letter, which closes with, "Did you know that New Yorkers use the word *bunked* instead of *bumped?* They say, 'I *bunked* into my old friend on the avenue.' "

I had long been aware of *bunk* for *bump*. For many years after moving to Los Angeles from New York, I still thought of myself as a New Yorker. That's a common phenomenon. I found New York speech patterns fascinating and still do. As I remember "bunked into," though, it was one word: *bunkinta.* "Ya know who I bunkinta inna fawdy seng streedawdamat?"

The speech of New York City and its environs deserves volumes. Discounting the many foreign and ethnic patterns, there seem to me to be two basic dialect divisions that I call the New York accent and the New Yorker accent. The extreme New York accent is often referred to—imprecisely—as Brooklynese. As a convenience, I'll go along with that for now. The extreme New Yorker accent has been called the High Episcopalian Throat, or Hoy Episcopalian Threywt, as its practitioners say.

Louis Nye did a very creditable High Episcopalian Throat in his character Gordon Hathaway, who said, "Hoy heyw, Steverineyw!" on the old Steve Allen TV show. The High Episcopalian Throat is best accompanied by almost unbearable languor.

The fact is, of course, that there are many New York accents—fascinating divisions, subdivisions, and blends of subdivisions. Come to think of it, Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Ms. Tress is right about "bunked into." New Yorkers who do not say "fawdy seng streedawdamat" often *do* say "bunked into," not "bunkinta." "Bunked into" sounds right. "Bunk" is at least as onomatopoeic as "bump."

As I've mentioned before, accents are changing and becoming homogenized. The extreme Brooklynese *r* used to be pronounced almost as a *v*. I learned that in the army. As any historian of World War II knows, every military outfit had a Kid from Brooklyn, and ours was no exception. Tony McAloney (that rhymes with Baccaloni) was our Kid from Brooklyn—a young man with a brilliant, inquiring mind, a love of weight lifting, and great skill in boxing.

It was Tony who suggested that the Brooklyn *r* was said as *v*. We tried it. Throughout the shooting of a pool game, we consciously substituted *v* for *r*, as in "Vockefella's a vevvy vich man." And no one noticed anything strange; it was so close to what was then standard "Brooklynese." Thanks largely to the influence of Huntley, Brinkley, Cronkite, Robert Young, etc., that's changed. Somewhere there may still be someone who says t'oidy t'oid stveet an' t'oid avna, but it's no longer commonplace in New York, as it once was. There are still vestigial traces, but the inroads made by standardization are unmistakable. I think it's a shame that dialects are being smoothed out of existence, but they are.

Here in Los Angeles, the interesting accents are all from other regions. A couple of peculiarities arise in the pronunciation of *Santa Ana* and *Los Angeles*. In Southern California Santa Ana can refer to a town, a freeway, or a local hot wind. Whichever it is, it's almost always pronounced Sannyanna.

In *Los Angeles* the *Los* is pronounced variously to rhyme with gross, cross, and joss, and the *Angeles* goes Angle-ess, Argle-eez, An-jeless, and An-jeleez. Sam Yorty, our former mayor, simplified it. He called Los Angeles "Sanless."

In L.A. (the one standard pronunciation for the city) we may say "bump" instead of "bunk," but in New York if you bunk into your old friend on the avenue, it's nice. Out here, if you bump into a friend on the avenue, it will probably involve auto insurance companies and lots of repair bills.

But don't get me wrong. If I didn't like it here, I'd go back where I came from.

THOMAS H. MIDDLETON

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Double-Crostic No. 34

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 F	2 J	3 E	4 C	5 V	6 H	7 A		8 Z¹	9 M		10 I	11 F	12 O	13 Q		14 M	15 B
16 A	17 P		18 Y	19 L		20 F	21 P	22 H	23 S	24 I	25 X	26 T		27 D	28 N	29 O	30 Q
31 E	32 S	33 U		34 L	35 K	36 S	37 Q	38 T		39 Y	40 F		41 L	42 X		43 A	44 C
45 F	46 S	47 W	48 G	49 I	50 J	51 O	52 N	53 P	54 T		55 X	56 K		57 Y	58 C	59 L	
60 D	61 M	62 U	63 A		64 R	65 F		66 H	67 V	68 T	69 P	70 Y	71 U	72 Q	73 M	74 I	
75 R	76 C	77 N	78 J	79 B	80 Z¹	81 Q		82 O	83 Z¹	84 Q	85 D	86 P	87 I	88 U	89 T	90 H	
91 P	92 Y		93 R	94 B	95 P	96 W	—	97 Z¹	98 I	99 L	100 N	101 S	102 D	103 Z	104 T		105 N
106 Z		107 R	108 V	109 A	110 S	111 U	112 O	113 P	114 B		115 T	116 Z¹	117 C		118 L	119 Y	120 O
121 S	122 I	123 A	124 T	125 N	126 J		127 E	128 F	129 B	130 V	131 H		132 M	133 C	134 S	135 J	136 N
137 Y	138 F	139 A	140 O		141 P	142 S	143 B	144 C	145 G	146 X	147 Z¹		148 A	149 K	150 O	151 H	152 S
153 J	154 R		155 F	156 W	157 R	158 L	159 G	160 B		161 Y	162 U	163 V	164 C	165 N	166 J	167 T	168 W
169 O		170 V	171 J	172 E		173 W	174 O		175 H	176 J	177 U	178 A	179 N	180 S	181 V	182 P	183 Z
184 D		185 B	186 V	187 Y	188 X	189 Z	190 Z¹	191 N		192 F	193 J	194 P	195 R	196 X	197 S	198 O	199 D
200 G		201 Z	202 A		203 Z¹		204 K	205 L	206 O	207 R	208 S	209 C	210 G				

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the words correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the words you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what word a particular square's letter comes

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each word, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from words to diagram and from diagram to words, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Franciscans (2 wds.)	7 16 43 63 109 123 139 148 178 202
B. A bid higher than the previous one	15 94 114 143 79 185 129 160
C. Conformity to official formulation of truth	164 209 4 58 76 117 144 44 133
D. Quiet family horse	184 199 27 60 85 102
E. Sweeping stroke	172 3 127 31
F. English theologian and hymnist (1674–1748; "How doth the little busy bee . . ."; full name)	128 155 192 11 45 1 20 40 65 138
G. Capital, Meurthe-et-Moselle Département, France	145 159 200 48 210
H. Mental or emotional strain	22 66 90 131 151 175 6
I. Raised	10 24 49 74 87 98 122
J. Disappeared, faded	126 176 50 135 171 2 78 153 166 193
K. Gaze dreamily	204 35 56 149
L. Awkward	158 19 34 41 59 99 118 205
M. Military force or power (after *the*)	9 14 61 73 132
N. Outburst	136 77 28 179 191 52 165 100 105 125

CLUES	WORDS
O. King of ancient Persia, 404–358 B.C., called "Mnemon" (2 wds.)	140 12 51 82 120 169 29 150 174 206 112 198
P. Very close; indeterminate as to outcome (3 wds.)	21 69 86 182 91 113 194 53 95 141 17
Q. Used evasive methods	37 81 84 30 72 13
R. Quality of being poisonous	75 93 157 195 107 64 207 154
S. Applesauce, malarkey	142 180 36 134 208 110 121 101 197 23 152 46 32
T. Calm, unworried	104 115 38 26 54 89 124 167 68
U. Immoral or criminal action	162 88 33 62 111 177 71
V. Point in orbit at which a planet is farthest from the sun	108 163 170 130 186 5 181 67
W. Strip of pleated material for trimming a dress, as at collar, sleeves, etc.	96 47 168 173 156
X. Alarm bell	55 188 196 42 146 25
Y. In an initial stage	18 92 187 39 137 161 119 70 57
Z. Suitable or appropriate place or position	106 201 103 189 183
Z¹. Harmonious (2 wds.)	8 116 203 80 147 190 97 83

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 33* appears on page 8.

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Eye on Chess

Perhaps it's just a coincidence, but the first analysis of the French Defense is found in an ancient manual on chess and love. This early contender for an X-rating is Lucena's *Répéticion de Amores e Arte de Axedres,* printed in Spain in 1497. We know where Lucena's head was at, because he made it very clear that love and chess were his two major interests—when he was resting from one, he was engaged in the other. The French defense meets White's 1. P–K4 with 1. . . . P–K3 and has been played for more than five centuries. Up to the London-Paris Correspondence Match of 1834, it was known by various names, but in that contest, when the French team elected to use it extensively, it received its modern christening.

JUST AS IN the case of the kiss, the French received credit for something that had been invented long before they appeared on the scene.

Two exciting games were recently reported from the Natanya 1973 Tournament in Israel:

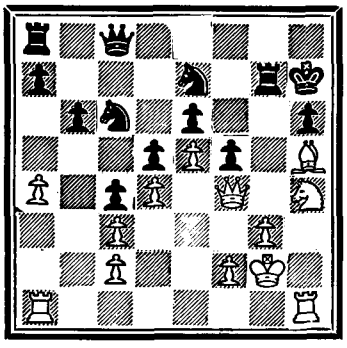
French Defense

White: Romm			Black: Tatai
1. P–K4	P–K3	9. B–QN5ch	B–Q2
2. P–Q4	P–Q4	10. B–Q3	QN–B3
3. N–QB3	B–N5	11. O–O	P–KR3
4. P–K5	P–QB4	12. P–KR4	O–O
5. P–QR3	BxNch	13. B–KB4!	P–B5
6. PxB	Q–B2	14. B–K2	P–B4
7. N–B3	N–K2	15. P–R5	K–R2
8. P–QR4	P–QN3	16. Q–Q2	R–KN

The Black King has been effectively shut off from his defenders and now is vulnerable to a smashing attack!

17. P–N3	B–K	20. BxB	P–KN4
18. N–R4	Q–B	21. R–R	PxB
19. K–N2	BxP?	22. QxP	R–N2

Leading to a far-seeing and extraordinary sacrifice.



23. QxRP ch!! KxQ 24. NxPch K–N4

If 24. . . . PxN or 24. . . . NxN; 25. B–B7 dis. ch., K–N4; 26. R–R5ch, K–N5; 27. P–B3 Mate!

25. N–Q6! N–N3 26. NxQ RxN

White is still a piece down, but . . .

27. P–B4ch	NxBP ch	30. B–B3	N–Q
28. PxNch	KxP dis. ch.	31. R–R6	R–N3
29. K–B2	QR–KN	32. QR–R	

But how about 32. R–R4ch, K–N4; 33. R–R5ch, K–B5; 34. QR–Q, etc.?

32. . . .	RxR	35. R–N7	P–R4
33. RxR	R–B	36. K–K3!	Resigns
34. R–N6!	K–B4		

37. B–N4 mate can't be stopped.

French Defense

White: Levy		Black: Birnboim	
1. P–K4	P–K3	4. P–K5	N–K2
2. P–Q4	P–Q4	5. P–QR3	BxNch
3. N–QB3	B–N5	6. PxB	P–QN3

6. . . . P–QB4 strikes at White's center more effectively. Compare this with the preceding game, where White had more difficulty in stabilizing the center, because Black played this early on.

7. Q–N4	N–N3	9. Q–Q	B–R3
8. P–KR4	P–KR4		

After White exchanges Bishops, the BN is poorly placed, and it ends up on N1 again.

10. BxB	NxB	15. N–N3	R–QB
11. B–N5	Q–Q2?	16. P–KB4	QN–K2
12. Q–Q3	N–N	17. P–B5	NxBP
13. N–K2	P–QB4	18. NxN	PxN
14. O–O	N–B3	19. RxP	O–O

There is nothing better, but the BK has castled into a smashing attack.

20. QR–KB	PxP	24. QxRP	R–KN6
21. PxP	R–B5	25. K–R2	R–Q6
22. P–B3	Q–B3	26. R–B6!!	
23. Q–B3	RxBP		

Now the threats begin! If the rook isn't taken, White has QxN! or P–K6.

26. . . . PxR 27. RxP Q–B7

If 27. . . . Q–B2; 28. RxNch, PxR; 29. QxPch, Q–N2; 30. QxR with a won end-game. But see how 27. . . . Q–B7 defends. *Now* if 28. RxNch, PxR; QxPch, K–R; B–B6ch, RxB, PxR; R–R3ch, winning the White Queen.

28. P–K6	Q–B2ch	34. K–R2	R–N2
29. K–R	RxRP	35. R–B4	R–K8
30. PxPch	RxP	36. Q–R5ch	K–N
31. QxNch	K–R	37. BxR	QxB
32. B–B4	Q–K2	38. R–N4	Resigns
33. B–K5	R–R8ch		

FAIRFIELD W. HOBAN

(Travel, *continued from page 31.*)

been done with cool marble and white porcelain. Palms hold up the gilded fronds in the yellow-tiled Arabian lounge. Pool and beach are standard equipment, and the rates are about $60 for two, full American plan in summer, $50 from November to February. About three-quarters of the guests are British, with Germans and Americans filling the rest of the house.

Naturally, with all this sun and sea, there has to be a preserve for the *haut monde* where neither tripper nor tourist, nor other untouchables, may venture. It will be the Club da Quinta, whose board of governors is all but awash in German barons, English dukes, Portuguese counts, American Whitneys, and other card-carrying members of the Suzy set.

Not quite so arch but surely one of the loveliest layouts along the coast is Vilalara, a cliff-top apartment grouping designed in exquisite taste by an artist and since sold to Leon Levy, a onetime Egyptian industrialist who has since moved to Switzerland. The connected villas—two-story apartment units, really—are strung out over rolling, green lawns on the plateau of rocks that look down on a secluded beach. There are forty apartments now and another eighty to be built. A two-bedroom villa with two baths, kitchen, and terrace over the sea, costs $67 (room only), a price that drops to $30 a day in winter. You can add $10 a person if you want to take all your meals there, but the adjoining values hold all sorts of adventure. One might, for instance, look in at the tiny fishing village of Carvoeiro, chivvied in between the rocks, not ten minutes away. You have to weave among the beached fishing boats to get down to the sea, but O Patio, in the minuscule square, is an acceptable restaurant. Across the square, the new Hotel Dom Sancho, sparkling white and trimmed with tiles, will put you up for the night for $16, a little less if you don't mind a room on the court.

The escudo is running about twenty-three to the dollar in Portugal, and you might just as well buy your currency over there. My friendly neighborhood bank, Manufacturers Hanover Trust, the same folks who brought you the Master Charge credit card, sold me a fistful of trip packs at eighteen escudos to the dollar. I intend to have a word with them unless the teller who made that exchange hasn't already taken up residence in Brazil. □

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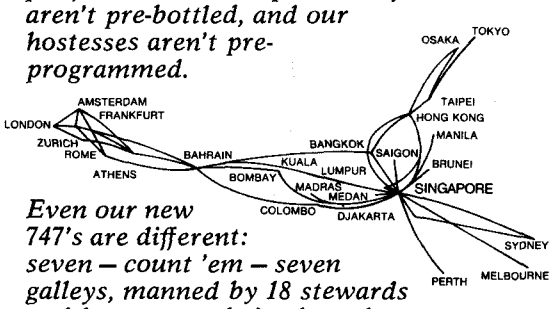

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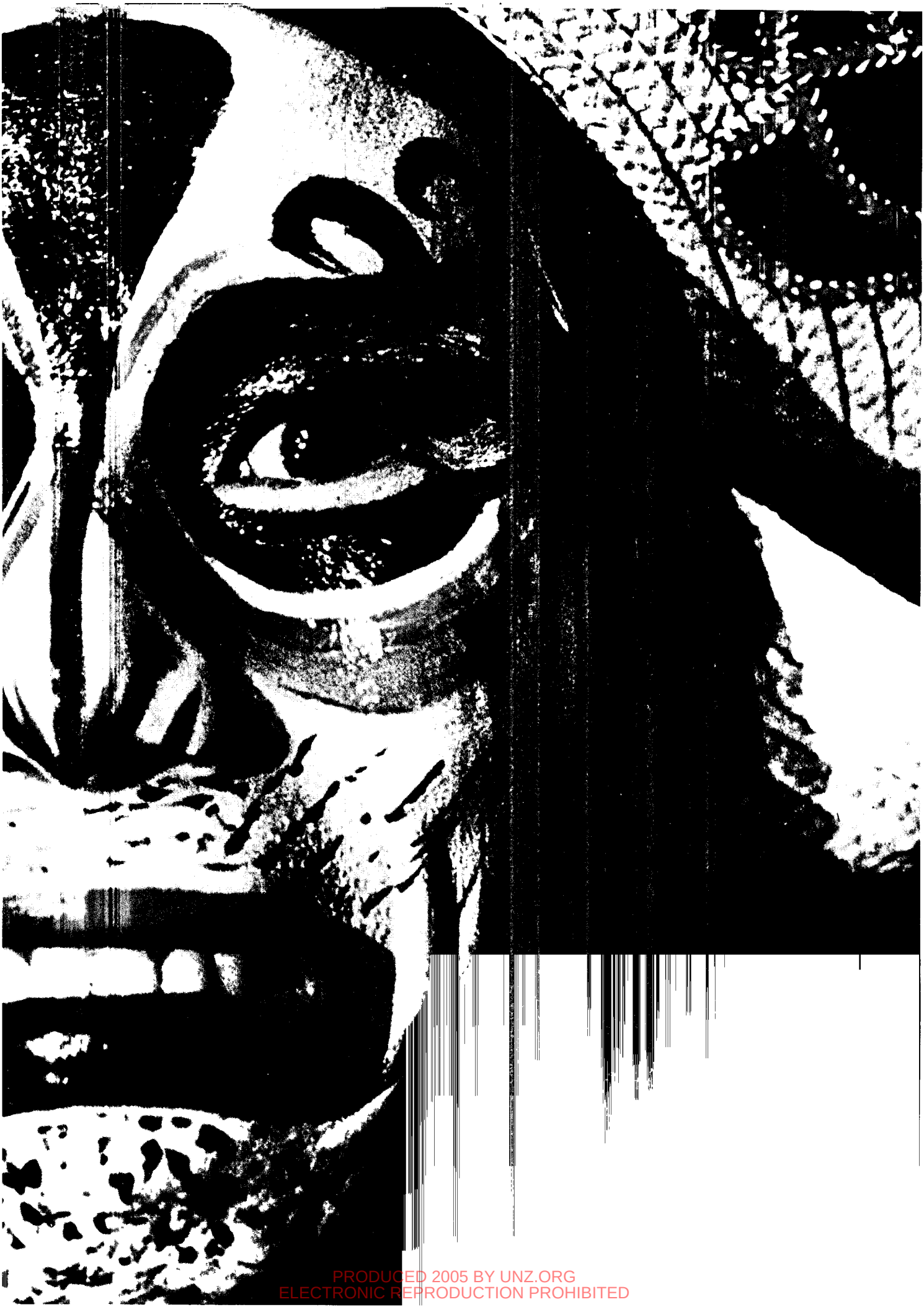

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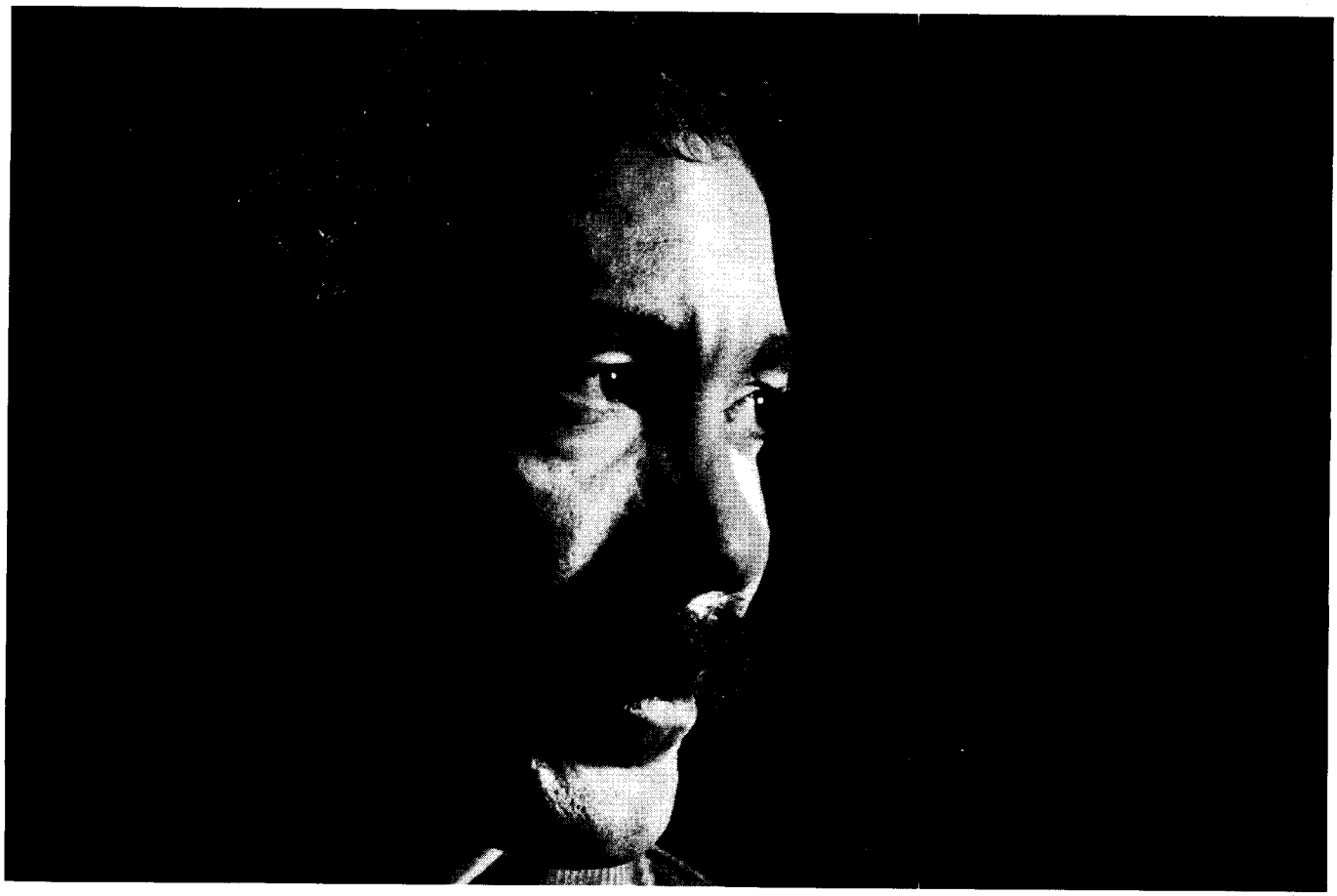

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CHARLES GORDONE

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 45

PROFESSION: Playwright. Actor. Director.

HOBBIES: Writing. More writing.

LAST BOOK READ: "Custer Died for Your Sins"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT:
Awarded a Pulitzer Prize for his play:
"No Place to be Somebody."

QUOTE: "We're all here trying to be somebody, find a place for ourselves . . . well, a lot of the people you hear about today, whether it be in art, politics, whatever . . . these are the people trying to find a place for America. We're a very young country and I don't think we've found out where we're at yet."

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